THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} ONE DOLLAR per annum when taken in Clubs of 20, and a paper gratis to the person getting up the Club. {

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1405.

Original Pictures of Life.

THE

PET FROM THE POOR HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,

AUTHOR OF "MALINA GRAY." "DAVID HUNT." ETC., ETC.

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1848, BY DEACON & PETERSON, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT, OF THE EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA.]

CHAPTER I.

THE MAYOR AND THE POLICEMAN.

When the strong man turns, with a haughty lip—
Oh poverty, stern and grim—
When he scorns the hand with a ruthless grip,
Ye need not fear for him.

But when poverty comes to a little child,
Pale, trembling, and hungry, and chill,
Pleading its claim with a tearful eye,
While its cheeks are thin and its eyes are wild,
Oh! then its gentle sway.

It was a bitter cold night—a myriad of stars hung in the sky, cold and glittering, as if burnished by the frost. The moon sent down a pale freezing brilliancy that whitened all the ground as if a sprinkling of snow had fallen, when there was not a flake in the earth or in the air. Little wind was abroad, but that little pierced through mufflers and overcoats, like a swarm of invisible needles, sharp and stinging. It was rather late in the evening, and in such weather few persons were tempted abroad. Those who had comfortable hearths remained at home, and even the street beggars crept within their alleys and cellars; many of them driven to seek shelter in their rags, without hope of fire or food.

But there was one man in the *Nonesuch Ward*, of New York city, who could neither seek rest nor shelter till a given time, however inclement the weather might be. With a thick pilot cloth overcoat, buttoned to the chin, and his glittering police star catching the moonbeams as they fell upon his breast, he walked to and fro on his beat, sometimes pausing, with his eyes lifted toward the stars, to ponder over some thought in his mind, but especially urged to motion again by the sharp tingling of his feet and hands.

A feeling and thoughtful man was this policeman of the *Nonesuch Ward*—he possessed much originality of mind, which had received no small share of cultivation. He had been connected with a mercantile house till symptoms of a pulmonary disease in the family, from two to three, by the aid of a politician, who had not entirely lost all human feelings in the council chamber, he was enrolled in the city police. To a mind less nobly constructed, this manœuvring might have been a cause of degradation and annoyance, but John Chester, though not yet thirty-two, had learned to think for himself. He knew that it was the occupation which degraded the man, and that gentlemanly habits, integrity and intelligence were certain to secure our star a greater lustre when found in the humbler spheres of life. He possessed both education and refinement, but having no better means of support, accepted that which Providence presented, not with grumbling condescension, but with that grateful alacrity which was a sure proof that his duties would be faithfully performed, and that though capable of higher things, he was not one to neglect the most humble, when they became duties.

To a man like Chester, the solitude at his night watches was at times a luxury. His mind found subjects of deep thought in itself, and in surrounding things, when the great city lay slumbering around him. Even on the night when we present him to the reader, the cold air, while it chilled his body, seemed only to invigorate his mind. Instead of brooding gloomily over his own position, certainly very inferior to what it had been, he had many a compassionate thought for those poorer than himself, without one envious feeling for the thousands and thousands who would have deemed his small income of ten dollars a week absolute poverty.

At that period the *Nonesuch Ward* exhibited in a striking degree the two extremes of social life. Blocks of palace buildings loomed imposingly along the heart of the city. Each dwelling, with its spacious rooms and luxurious accommodations was occupied by a single family, sometimes of no more than two or three persons. Here plate glass, silver mounted doors and rich training in bronze and iron, gave brilliant evidence of wealth. Here, many small gardens thrown together, verdant with shrubbery and vines in their season of verdure, threw a fresh glow of nature around the rich man's dwelling. Resources of enjoyment were around him on every hand. Each passing cloud seemed to turn its silver lining upon these dwellings, as it rolled across the heavens.

You had but to turn a corner, and lo, the very earth seemed vital and teeming with human beings. Four men, and the children of poor men, disputed possession of every brick upon the pavement. Every damp hole in those dilapidated buildings swarmed with a family, every corner of the leaky garrets and damp cellars was full of poverty, stricken life. Here were no green trees, no leafelet vines climbing upon the walls; empty casks, old brooms and battered wash tubs littered the back yards, which the sweet green grass should have carpeted. Ash pans and tube of kitchen offal choked up the sewers. The very light, as it struggled through those dingy windows, seemed pinched and smoky.

And all this contrast of poverty and wealth lay on the policeman's beat. Now he was with the rich, almost warmed by the light that came like a flood of wine through some tall window muffled in crimson damask. The smooth pavements under his feet were glowing with the brilliant gas light—the next moment and a few smoky street lamps failed to reveal the broken pavement on which he trod. Now and then the gleam of a coarse tallow candle that smaled gloomily away by some sick bed, threw a murky gloom across his path. Still, but for the cold moonlight, Chester would have found much difficulty in making his rounds in the poor man's district. Yet here he remained longest, here his step always grew heavy and his brow thoughtful; surrounded by suffering cast out from its eyes only by those irregular walls, and clouded as it were with the slumbering sorrow around him, this dark place always cast him into painful thought. That cold night he was more than usually affected by the suffering which he knew was close by him, and only invisible to the eye. The night before he had entered one of those dismal cellars, and had taken from thence a woman, who, squalid and degraded as she was, had evidently once been in the higher walks of life. The remembrance of this woman sent a thrill of mingled pity and disgust through his heart as he passed the dwelling from which she was taken. The pile of rags on which she had cast herself after a fierce outbreak of passion, the state of revolting intoxication in which she was plunged, all arose vividly before his mind. He paused before the house with a feeling of vague interest. The night before a scene of perfect riot greeted him as he approached the door. Now the inmates seemed numbed, silent and torpid with cold.

As Chester stood gazing on the house, he saw some object moving in the airy. It seemed at first like a large animal creeping up the steps. As it came forth into the moonlight, Chester saw that it was a child with a singular, crouching appearance, and muffled in an old red cardinal that had belonged to some grown person. With a slow and painful effort the child dragged itself along the pavement—its face bent down, and stooping as if it had some burden to conceal. The old cardinal brushed Chester's garments, yet the child seemed quite unconscious of his presence, but moved on, breathing hard and chattering with the cold, till he could hear her teeth knock together. Chester did not speak, but softly followed the child.

The Mayor of New York at that time lived in the *Nonesuch Ward*, and toward his dwelling the little wanderer bent her way. As she drew near the steps the child lifted her face for the first time, and reaching forth a little wan hand, held herself up by the railing. She was not seeking that particular house, but these her strength gave way, and she clung to the cold iron fast and trembling, with her eyes lifted wistfully toward the drawing-room windows. The plate glass was all in a blaze from a chandelier that hung within, and the genial glow fell upon that little frost-bitten face, lighting it up with intense lustre. The face was not beautiful—those features were too pallid—the eyes deep, hollow, and dark, but their look of unusual length gave them a wild depth of color that was absolutely fearful. Still there was something in the expression of those wan features indescribably touching, a look of meek suffering and of mute appeal to sympathy that is developed in but few faces. It was the face of a child, suffering, feeble—with the expression of a lady spirit breaking through—holy but tortured.

The child clung to the railing, waving to and fro, but holding on with a desperate grasp. She seemed struggling to lift herself to an upright position, but without sufficient strength. Chester advanced a pace to help her, but in the full light he saw that the crouching attitude was one from which the poor thing might never hope to rise. A distorted spine wrenched her frail form downward to the earth, and thus she must walk forever. Distressed by this discovery, Chester drew back, for the child, without perceiving him, was creeping feebly up the steps, with her face shrouded in darkness again. She reached the bell with difficulty, and drew the silver knob.

Scarcely had the child taken her hand from the cold metal, when the clasp of a man crossed the drawing-room window, and his measured step sounded along the marble hall. The door was unfastened, and the Mayor himself stood in the opening. The child lifted her eyes, and saw standing before or rather above her, a man of middle height, and with dark hair that curled slightly at the ends, and a cast of features remarkable only from an absence of all generous expression. He now fixed his small black eyes on the child with a look that chilled her worse than the frost. As he prepared to speak, she could see the corners of his mouth curve slightly downward, and when his voice fell upon her ear, though not particularly loud, it was cold and repelling.

"Well, what are you doing here? What do you want?" and the great man, keeping his eyes unmovably on the shivering child, enraged at himself for having opened the door for a wretched beggar like that. He was in the habit of extending these little condescensions to the voters of his ward; it had a touch of republicanism in it that looked well—but from that wretched little thing what was to be gained? Still the child might have a father, and that father might be a citizen, one of the sovereign people, possessed of that inestimable privilege—a vote. So the Mayor was cautious, as usual, about exhibiting any positive trace of the ill humor that possessed him. He felt that a man who could thus fearlessly speak out his just indignation, was not the kind of person to persecute openly. Besides, it was not in this man's nature to do anything openly. Like a mole, he burrowed out his plans under ground, and when he was forced to the surface, he was so thoroughly allowed some plant foul to remove the earth that was unavoidably cast up in his passage. His genius lay in that low cunning and prudent management with which small men of little intellect and no heart sometimes deceive the world. With on feelings sufficiently strong to make him impetuous, and devoid of that generous self-respect which prompts a man to repel an attack fearlessly and at once—he was one of those who lie still and now like those cruelly pointed dogs that creep along the ground, and watching their opportunity, spring upon the game, and devouring the spoil with a kowtow relish than the nobler hound that makes the forest ring as he plunges upon his prey.

True to his character and his system, the Mayor paused at his walls, and bending over the child said, coldly, but still with some appearance of kindness:

"The child seems getting better—probably it will be nothing serious?"

Chester looked up, and a smile illuminated his face, always willing to look on the bright side of human nature, his heart exulted in the hope that perhaps judged too harshly. The little hand which he was chafing began to warm with life, and this relieved him of the terrible excitement which the moment before had rendered his mind almost incapable of deep reflection.

"Thank you, sir, she is better," he said, with an expression of frank gratitude beaming over every feature, "I think she will live now, so we will not trouble you more than a few minutes longer."

"My family are in bed—and these street beggars are so little to be relied upon," observed the Mayor, evidently wishing to offer some excuse for his former harshness without doing so directly; "but this seems a case of real distress."

Chester was subdued by this apology. More and more he regretted the excitement of his former language. He longed to make some reparation to a man who, after all, might be only prudent not undeceiving. "If," said he, looking at the child, "she can restore life to her pallid face, that some resin in her old native frock had been neatly mended.

"What is your name?" she said, gently taking the child's hand and drawing her into the bed—"we have not asked your name yet, little girl."

"Mary Fuller, that is my name, sir am," replied the child, in her sweet voice.

"And have you got a mother?"

"No one that I know," faltered the child, and a spot of crimson spread into her pinched cheek.

"Don't know?"

"Please not to ask me about it," said the child, meekly. "I don't like to talk about my mother."

"But your father," said Mrs. Chester, remarking the sudden change that came over the child's brightness on the child's face with a thrill of pain, for it seemed to her as if a corpse had blushed.

"My father! Oh, he is dead." The color instantly went out from her cheek, like a flash of fire suddenly extinguished there, and the child clasped her hands in a sort of thoughtful misery, as if the mention of her father's name had lifted her soul to a communion with the dead.

Mrs. Chester sat down by a bureau and searched for one of Isabella's night gowns in the drawers, and as all their casting wistful glances on the wasted features of her singular guest.

"Come," she said, gently, after a few minutes had elapsed, "let me take off your frock, then say your prayers and go to bed."

"I have said my prayers," replied the child, lifting her eyes with a look that thrilled through and through Mrs. Chester. "When I think of my father, then I always say the prayers that he taught me, ever in my heart."

"Then you loved your father!"

"Loved him!" replied the child, with a look of touching despondency. "My poor dead father—did you ask me if I loved him? What else in the wide, wide world had I to love?"

"Your mother," said Mrs. Chester.

That flash of crimson shot over the child's face again, and bowing her head with a look of the keenest anguish, she faltered out,

"My mother!"

"Well, my poor child," said Mrs. Chester, compassionating the strange feeling whose source she could only guess at, "I will not ask any more questions to-night. Keep up a good heart. You are almost an orphan, and God takes care of little orphans, you know."

"Do you think that God will take care of me?" asked the child, turning her large eyes downward upon her distorted person with a look that said more plainly than words, "Me, so ugly and so crooked!"

"It is the helpless, it is children whom our Saviour—you know about our Saviour?"

"Oh, yes, I know."

"Well, it was such little helpless creatures as you are whom our Saviour meant when he said, 'Of such are the kingdom of Heaven.'"

"Such as I am, ma'am?" The child again glanced at her person and then with a look of tearful humility at Mrs. Chester.

"Yes, such as you are," replied Mrs. Chester, bending over the drawer she was searching, to conceal her tears.

"I thought," said the child, lifting her face and pointing to little Isabella, with a look of thrilling admiration, "I thought when I came in here, that Heaven must be full of little children like her."

"And why like her?"

"Because she looks in her sleep like the picture which I have seen of Heaven, and all beautiful curly-headed children just like her lie dreaming on the clouds."

"Then you think she is like those little angels?" said Mrs. Chester, unable to suppress a feeling of maternal pride, and smoking through her tears as she looked on her daughter's beauty.

"I never saw a hunch-backed little girl in those pictures in my whole life, and I have looked for one a great many times," said the child, sadly.

"Yes, but those pictures are only according to the artists' fancy—they do not be real Heaven."

"I know; but then those who make these pictures do not so much as fancy a little girl like—like me among the angels."

"But I can fancy them there," said Mrs. Chester, turned away by the strange language of the child,—"remember, little girl, that it is our souls—the spirit that makes us love and think, which God takes home to Heaven."

"But," said the little girl, shaking her head with a mournful smile, "no would not like to look at those curls and that red spot her mouth, would they?"

Mrs. Chester shook her head and tried to smile; the child puzzled her with its singular questions.

"And I—I should not like either, to leave my poor behind!"

"Indeed—why not, little girl?" said Mrs. Chester, amazed.

"Oh, we have suffered so much together, my soul and this poor body!" replied the child, sadly. "This is all very strange and very resentful," muttered Mrs. Chester, deeply moved. But she checked herself, and drawing the child toward her, began to untie her dress. A faint exclamation of surprise and pity broke from her lips as she loosened the garment and observed that it was the only one which the little creature had on.

"Oh, this is destitution," she said, covering her eyes with one hand as little Mary crouched down and put on the night dress. "What if she, my own child, were left thus,"—and dashing aside her tears Mrs. Chester went to the bed and kissed the little Isabella with kisses. The strange child stood by in her long night gown. A smile of singular pleasure lay about her mouth as she attempted with her little hands to arrange the plaited ruffles around the neck and bosom. Drawing close to Mrs. Chester, she took hold of her dress and looked earnestly in her face. Mrs. Chester turned away her head; her lips were yet tremulous with the caresses which she had bestowed upon her child, and it seemed as if those large eyes read through her heart.

"Please, ma'am, may I sleep with you?" she said, looking down upon the child.

"No, no am."

"Well, what is it you want—the milk I promised you?"

"No, not that. I will give up the milk, if you will only—only—"

"Only what, child?"

"If you will only kiss my forehead just once as you kissed here," answered the child, and after one sweeping look her head drooped for ward upon her bosom. She seemed completely overpowered by her own boldness.

Mrs. Chester stood gazing on her in silent surprise. There was something in the request that touched her heart. Here stood a poor, miserable orphan, begging with a voice of unutterable desolation for a few moments of that affection which she saw profusely lavished upon a happier child. The silence seemed to strike the child with terror. She lifted up her eyes with a look of humble supplication, and said—

"Nobody has kissed me since my father died!"

Mrs. Chester conquered the repugnance, that, spite of herself, arose in her heart at the thought of shutting the lips yet warm from the rosy mouth of her child, by contact with any thing less dear, and bending down, she gave a tremulous kiss upon the uplifted forehead of the little hunch-back.

The child drew an unseen breath; an expression of exquisite content spread over her face, and giving her hand to Mrs. Chester, she allowed herself to be led toward the pretty couch, made up so temptingly in a room of the other room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Poetry.

REVISED POEMS,

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

A SONG.

There was a rose, that blushing grew
Within my life's young garden;
The angels sprinkled dew upon
Its petals of the heaven flower;
Though it was dear to me,
And the largest flower in all the tree,
It only bloomed for them.

There was a rich and radiant gem
I long kept hid from sight,
Lest from some wretch's diadem
It shine with fairer light!
The world could never wear it, love,
That gem of genius from me;
Let on thy loud forehead wear it, love,
It only shines for thee!

There was a bird came to my breast,
When I was very young;
I only know that sweet bird's nest,
To me she sang all day, love,
But she came wearied, she came sad,
I saw that bird depart!
The wound flew thy way, love,
And nestled in thy heart!

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY C. C. VAN ZANDT.

We have such a guardian angel!
And he dwells within the breast
Where he sheds, ever gazing
That we take the better part—

That in all our life's great warfare
We may battle for the right,
May be faithful in the day time
And be watchful in the night

First he comforts us as an childhood,
When we're comfort in vague,
Still he guides us and he guards us
Till he leads us to Love.

All life long he hears our heedless,
And he treasts in the sand,
On the shore of Death's dark river,
That there is a better land.

Joy for those who heed his warning,
Seek and find the golden shore,
Heaven for the heart whose coldness
Stills his voice for evermore.

Newport, Rhode Island.

Selected Tale.

CHARLES WHARTON:

OR,

"NEVER BE POSITIVE."

"Very well, Morley, if that's all, I'll answer to the fellow's identity; I've not a shadow of doubt upon the subject—none."

"Eh! what's that, Tom? Do what I swear to some man's identity?"

"Yes, sir, the powder we seized yesterday crossing the park. Morley has some qualms doubts whether he is the man who escaped from us in the scuffle the other night in the woods; and as we took him without arms or game, merely in the path of the lower regions, he does not like to detain him unless he is quite certain of having the right man. After the mistake at Stanford it might be awkward, you know?"

"Ay, indeed! Sir John does well to pause; and if he is not as sure as that yonder bright sun now shines over us, he would do better to let the man go free."

"Go free! My dear uncle, only consider the game!—besides, I have no doubt *at all*, and I was present at the affray."

"Well, if you have sure,—no fraction of misgiving—no suspicion, the very faintest, that you may be wrong,—then let justice take her course; but if you have, stop while you can, and in God's great name, Tom, let the man go."

The speaker, a fine old man, one of a race now well nigh extinct, the English country Squire, rose as he spoke, from the seat he had taken upon a fallen tree in his nephew's park, and laid a hand upon the shoulder of each young man who stood by him:—

"You wonder, boys, to hear a veteran sportsman plead thus for a suspected poacher, and I dare say the keepers have been laughing at me, but I have a warning memory ever present when I hear the question of identity discussed; and when I tell you what it is, you will, I think, agree with me, that nothing less than a certainty so positive that it admits of no doubt, should urge one man to take that terrible oath which fastens upon another the perpetration of crime.

"Forty years ago I was in the commission for the peace for this county, and, a healthy, active man of thirty, I was considered somewhat a useful addition, even to the Bench then boasting some of the cleverest men in the division as its magistrates. About ten miles from my place was the family seat of the Whartons, occupied by the head of the race, a stern old man, who, with the consistence of a prince, lived in princely style. He had one child, a daughter. A most beautiful creature was Minnie Wharton; gentle and generous, graceful as a fawn, and blithe as a bird, no one ever looked upon without loving her; how she came to be the child of that terrible old man, Dame Nature has it among her many whims to answer for. I said every one loved Minnie,—but I am wrong—her father did not!—courteous, as a high bred soldier of the ancient school, he was always kind to her, even in his sternest fits; but he never forgave his daughter the crime of not being a son, and so letting the broad lands of Wharton pass away to a nephew he detested. Bitterly did Colonel Wharton and his heir abhor each other; and how the latter, the idle, reckless, and dissipated scion of a long and honorable race, could have endured the constant taunts, the bitter sneers, the insulting contempt of his self-constituted enemy, for four years of expectancy, is more than I can understand; that all did very nearly. You remember, Chester, when little Isabella was ill, she fancied that sort of food better anything. Would you like to sleep that way, my dear?" Would you like to sleep that way, my dear?" I said, as I saw that she was not sleeping in a bed," faltered the little girl, bewildered by all the gentle kindness that she was receiving.

"Not used to sleeping in a bed," cried Mrs. Chester, looking at her husband, "just fancy not used to sleeping in a bed!" And both of her listeners in her eyes the gentle housewife proceeded to make up the temporary couch which she had so ingeniously contrived for her little beggar's need. She entered her bed-room for the pillows. The light from the lamp fell upon the face of Isabella, the whose long raven curls lay in manœuvres the pillow—and down upon her night dress, till they were lost among the bed-clothes. The child might be ten years of age, and nothing more beautiful could well be imagined than the sweet and soft rest of her countenance. Color soft, and rich as the tint of a sole of a peach, bloomed upon her cheek, which rested against the palm of one plump little hand. Her chin was dimpled, and around her pretty mouth lay a luxurious smile that just parted its redness as the two ardent sunbeam cleaves open a cherry.

"Isabella, bless the darling," murmured Mrs. Chester, as she beat over her child, and passing one hand under her beautiful head—very carefully indeed, for fear of waking her—she laid the soft tresses and thus arouse the little sleeper—she gently removed the pillow, and letting the head fall softly back, stole away. The child murmured in her sleep, and feeling the change of position turned indolently full one hand and half her frames fell over the side of the bed, her curls sweeping down to the floor. Mrs. Chester returned, Mrs. Chester returned she found her child in this position, half out of bed and with the quilt thrown back. With a kiss and a murmured thanksgiving for the rosy health so visible to that sleeping form, the fair mother gathered up the child in her arms, and laid the head upon the pillowed bed-stone of the dream. The little miserable child, seemingly about her own daughter's age, sat in the rocking-chair following her with those angelic eyes and with that wan smile upon her lips. The contrast was too striking. There lay the child of health and beauty—that little shapeless being with cheeks so thin and eyes so full of intelligence. It seemed to her that moment as if the fate of these two children would be plotted together—as if they, so unlike, would travel the same path and suffer with each other—nothing could be more unlikely than this—but it was a passing thought, full of pain, which the mother could not readily fling from her heart. For a moment, it made her breathe quick, and she sat down on the bed gazing upon the strange child as if fascinated, and letting the warm hand of Isabella within both of hers.

Chester wondered at the stillness, and called to his wife; she came forth looking rather sad, but soon arranged from the pillows, the blankets and the quilt, and placed the child in the bed, and the inviting little nest in one corner of the room. The little stranger watched her eagerly and with a wan smile opened her mouth.

Mrs. Chester saw that the strange child, though that it was a child, and that the stranger, and that some resin in her old native frock had been neatly mended.

"What is your name?" she said, gently taking the child's hand and drawing her into the bed—"we have not asked your name yet, little girl."

"Mary Fuller, that is my name, sir am," replied the child, in her sweet voice.

"And have you got a mother?"

"No one that I know," faltered the child, and a spot of crimson spread into her pinched cheek.

"Don't know?"

"Please not to ask me about it," said the child, meekly. "I don't like to talk about my mother."

"But your father," said Mrs. Chester, remarking the sudden change that came over the child's brightness on the child's face with a thrill of pain, for it seemed to her as if a corpse had blushed.

"My father! Oh, he is dead." The color instantly went out from her cheek, like a flash of fire suddenly extinguished there, and the child clasped her hands in a sort of thoughtful misery, as if the mention of her father's name had lifted her soul to a communion with the dead.

Mrs. Chester sat down by a bureau and searched for one of Isabella's night gowns in the drawers, and as all their casting wistful glances on the wasted features of her singular guest.

"Come," she said, gently, after a few minutes had elapsed, "let me take off your frock, then say your prayers and go to bed."

"I have said my prayers," replied the child, lifting her eyes with a look that thrilled through and through Mrs. Chester. "When I think of my father, then I always say the prayers that he taught me, ever in my heart."

"Then you loved your father!"

"Loved him!" replied the child, with a look of touching despondency. "My poor dead father—did you ask me if I loved him? What else in the wide, wide world had I to love?"

"Your mother," said Mrs. Chester.

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"My mother!"

"Well, my poor child," said Mrs. Chester, compassionating the strange feeling whose source she could only guess at, "I will not ask any more questions to-night. Keep up a good heart. You are almost an orphan, and God takes care of little orphans, you know."

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"And I—I should not like either, to leave my poor behind!"

"Indeed—why not, little girl?" said Mrs. Chester, amazed.

"Oh, we have suffered so much together, my soul and this poor body!" replied the child, sadly. "This is all very strange and very resentful," muttered Mrs. Chester, deeply moved. But she checked herself, and drawing the child toward her, began to untie her dress. A faint exclamation of surprise and pity broke from her lips as she loosened the garment and observed that it was the only one which the little creature had on.

"Oh, this is destitution," she said, covering her eyes with one hand as little Mary crouched down and put on the night dress. "What if she, my own child, were left thus,"—and dashing aside her tears Mrs. Chester went to the bed and kissed the little Isabella with kisses. The strange child stood by in her long night gown. A smile of singular pleasure lay about her mouth as she attempted with her little hands to arrange the plaited ruffles around the neck and bosom. Drawing close to Mrs. Chester, she took hold of her dress and looked earnestly in her face. Mrs. Chester turned away her head; her lips were yet tremulous with the caresses which she had bestowed upon her child, and it seemed as if those large eyes read through her heart.

"There lies in that room," he said, pointing to an inner door, 'a man as like Charles Wharton, th t if I had not seen him in his cell two hours since, I should swear it was him. Not a feature, not a gesture differs. He is dying from a wound occasioned by a fall from a horse. Something is on his mind. God knows whether that poor fellow's words may not be true, and he is innocent of his master's murder. The very man may be here. At any rate, something is wrong; and I have sent for you to take any depositions he may be induced to make, for, as surely as the day dawns, he will never live to see it. Come with me."

We did so, and entered a small, low room, where, on a bed, in a dress just such as young Wharton had worn, his head bandaged, and his face drawn aside with agony, a man was laid, so frightfully like him we had heard scattered to death but the day before, that we started as if his spirit had sent our gaze. Resting over the bed, her face hidden in the pillow, was a young girl, apparently about eighteen years of age. She never raised her head on our entrance, but as Mr. Roberts passed nearer to the side of the dying man, she looked fearfully up into his face, revealing, as she did so, her own, of such great beauty that I have seldom seen its equal.

"Will he die," she asked, in a voice of agony.

"In less than four hours, I fear—probably before morning."

"Go, go, no, no!—oh, sweet Mother, no!—unconfessed, without a priest, and this horrible weight upon his soul! Go, sir, save him! for his soul's sake answer me, Philip, Philip!" and she tossed her long ringlets back, and placed her hair hands upon which we now saw the marriage ring glittering, on each side her husband's head, and kissed him. He stirred faintly. 'Philip, do you hear me? Annie—it is Annie—shall I speak? do you know what I say? may I tell—?' He moved his lips. 'Bless you! God absolve and bless you!' she exclaimed, then turned to us, with the grace of a princess.

"I do not understand the forms of law well she said, 'but you will instruct me. This man is my husband; he has been guilty of a great crime, known only to myself and one other; for this deed another man is condemned to die. He came hereto-day to make the prisoner's innocence known, but the horse that brought us reduced him to the state you see. He is perfectly sensible, I believe; is he not, sir?' (to Mr. Roberts), 'and God and our Blessed Lady will give him strength to sign the confession I shall make for him. His name is Murray—Philip Murray; illegitimate son of the late Colonel Wharton, by a most cruelly deceived mother, who, though her marriage had been a secret one, till within a week of her death believed herself his wedded wife, and Philip his best.—Knowing the only truth killed her; fierce hatred sprang up between the father and his ill used son, one they rarely met. There is no need to tell you the evil habits the deserted one fell into—the dead. Wood Cliff absolve! has there to answer for; but six months since we were married—(I am a Catholic, and from that day he has striven to reform) An opportunity of settling well abroad opened to us, and Philip wrote to his father, requesting the means of doing so. No answer came; and he resolved to come here and see him. Borrowing a gentleman's dress, that he might be unnoticed if seen in the park, he went there to meet the Colonel—he did so—an angry words passed between them all which Philip bore till the cruel old man spoke vile words of his dead mother, swearing no child of hers should have help from him; and raising his arm furiously to strike his son, that son, in the impulse of ungovernable passion, swung round the gun he held, and his father fell dead at his feet. In the first moment of our first terror (for he told me all) we left the country, and knew nothing of subsequent events; but when he heard that Mr. Wharton was accused, and likely to die, he returned a curse, and would have confessed all to save him; had it not been for the writer whose name I forget now, put this into what language you will, only make the truth evident; let my husband be spared the guilt of another man's blood, and God will strengthen his heart to sign it."

"We did so quickly; for by the grey shadows gathering over the tortured face, we saw death was coming; and after a reviving draught given by the surgeon, he rallied sufficiently to hear the depositions read, and sign them.

"A Roman Catholic priest, who had been sent for, now arrived, and we left the room, stationing, as a mere form, a person in the ante-room as custodian of the dying man; but, with a lovely reverence, we bent to the bride and loving young wife who had acted so heroically, for we saw to whose influence in the right the sufferer had yielded.

"'Now for London and the Home Secretary!' I said, as the carriage drove furiously back. Are in half an hour, as fast as six of my best horses could get over the road, Sir John Mostyn and I were on our way to town, with Philip Murray's confessions. Those were no rail-road days, but never had I travelled at such a pace before; nor but for such another need, never will I again! That night's speed cost the lives of four horses. I shot them with my own hand, and for ever there from the agony that killing pace had caused. So though my heart reproached me, as I watched their reeling, tottering frames, as they were led out from the traces, the horrible apparitions of silence—it was dying on the scaffold—filling before the rising gilly, and on, on—faster, faster, we went in incessant struggle at that speed only, and barely could save young Wharton's life. Rousing the Secretary from his bed, we burried him off to St James's, where, happily, the King (dies was) was also after a brief consultation with his minister, signed with gladness the pardon we sought.

"A week after that, Charles Murray in the pew pen of a speedy union with Minnie, into rapidly recovering and I followed the body of Philip to the grave; and as the solemn service was read, and I looked from the coffin to the living man beside me, who but for God's mighty interposition as by a miracle, would have occupied the narrow bed, I felt grateful a sacred power again to be sure of the identity of any human being, unless there was no possible room for even a reasonable doubt. Ever since then the thought of what might have been has compose my memory, saving many a murderer—my 'never so positive,' in exercise on my heart."

T. J. B.

Original Essay.

CHAPTERS ON NEWSPAPERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AMBROSE SHORT.

III.—Subscribers and Readers.

There are two classes of persons immediately connected with newspapers, these are the writers and the readers. The former we have seen are the editor and his assistants; and the other class—the readers—may also be subdivided into subscribers and casual readers. We by no means underrate the importance—nay, that though they think there are not many subscribers who do not read, yet—we say it in a gentle whisper—there are many readers who do not subscribe at all, or who forget to pay their subscriptions. Many instances—in this respect than one, before they pay for the production.

If we could be quite sure that these "chapters" would be kindly received by writers, as well as by readers, we would say a word or two in their behalf; we sought an audience with the larger number. We saw, the other day, a few gentle hints to writers in newspapers and other periodicals, which, with the exception of our worthy editor, we will breathe. More than six—

"Much time, words, ink, and paper are wasted on introduction. Periodical writers should be brief and crisp, dashing into the subject at the first sentence. Book clubbers. Nobody cares how you came to think of your subject, or why you wrote it, or for whom. Get your readers in medias res. Commence with your leading thought, and avoid irrelevant digressions. You may be less reluctant to, but you will be more original, and far more amusing. Take it for granted, that your readers are fond of as much as you are of your subject. Quibbling requires resolution; but you can practice it as well as improve your article, by every succession. For the whole of doing it, begin by cramming out all explanatory sentences. Leave nothing but simple pro positions. Young writers always make it a failing to do both. Never commence an article till you know what it is about. Some writers have an inconvenience of words, and will dilute you an idea to twenty pages."

Just about the same time that the preceding paragraph passed under our eye, we found, in another paper, published some hundreds of miles from the last, some other words of the same general character. Let the candid judge of them properly:—

"Few editors can sustain, single handed, a newspaper; therefore the necessity of active and well informed correspondents from the various subdivisions of responsible life. That will give the spice of variety. There should write no further than they know, and the expressed in language easy to be understood. Let them be satisfied that they have something worth saying, avoiding high sounding words, that they may express their thoughts in plain, voted English. Always give to your communications an appropriate caption. All should be subscribed to the editor without restriction. Then, from judgment receiving or rejecting them a place in his columns. And if rejected, again, not the correspondent gets his pay in the composing."

But our present chapter especially relates to subscribers and readers. A few words, then, in the review of the acquaintance of a newspaper. Dr. Franklin remarks that a man as often gets two dollars for the one he spends in informing his mind, as he does for a dollar he lays out in any other way. A man calls up a pound of sugar, and he is at once supplied with a pound of sugar, and it is gone, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended; but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up, to be acquired anew, and to be used whenever occasion or inclination call for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men, but the wisdom of the age and of past ages. A family without a newspaper, is always half an age behind the times of general information; before they can never think much nor feel much to talk about. And then there are the little men of pettifogging up in garrets, or counting houses for reading. Who, then, would be without a newspaper?

The value of a newspaper to persons individually is exceedingly great. A lady once in comparing the observations who had not seen a newspaper for eight days! Nothing, of course, could extend her dullness; her replies generally being, "Indeed!" "Haven't heard!" "Didn't know," &c. If a gentleman should ever be a week unenlightened by the breakfast, he would be under the necessity of declining all invitations: company requires an interchange of thought on passing events.

Since writing the last paragraph, by mere accident we took up a newspaper, published in the West Indies, more than two years since, which contains a narrative very forcibly and touchingly presenting the subject on which we are now insisting. We give it just as it appeared:—

"Lamentable but Important Fact.—A young former lately married to a beautiful and intelligent lady, after the honey-moon had passed, was pained to observe that his young bride looked thoughtful at times, and appeared to suffer much from ennui. Thinking this might be caused by the absence of female companions, he induced several young ladies, relatives, to make his house their home, in hopes thereby to render her completely happy. This arrangement had not the desired effect. His beloved though apparently joyous and cheerful whilst conversing with him, as soon as the conversation lagged relapsed into the melancholy mood. Surprised at this, he fell to pondering the cause, and after a lengthy reflection, he came to the conclusion to send to New York for a piano to be forwarded by the first ship bound for Natchez, Vicksburgh or Grand Gulf, this the husband sent for, and at length arrived—and a splendid one it was—of beautiful mahogany, ornamented and polished to the value of a few hundred dollar bill. And then it discovered such ravishing melody, as the nimble fingers of the young bride pressed the keys. The young farmer was in rapture, and congratulated himself on having procured the identical one thing needful to his angel's complete felicity. Poor man! he paid but a poor compliment to his sensible partner's intellect, if he thought she could contentedly pass her leisure ours, in strumming over a piano forte!

"He was mistaken. Though music hath charms, like love, it is not the only desideratum in the world; nor awhile it pleases the ear and touches the heart, her ministers not to the mind. The lady seldom courted Apollo, and her husband had the mortification of feeling that he had not yet made his domicile a paradise to 'her he adored.' At last, to solve the riddle of her discontent, he asked if she did not at times regret having entered he marriage state. 'Oh, no, indeed,' she replied, with great earnestness—'never for a moment have I been other than your happy wife, but I sometimes—! Well, sometimes what, dearest?' 'If I must tell you, dearest, I regret that you do not take the Newspapers. Paper takes half a dozen.'

"Let every young husband who loves his wife, and would keep her happy, and thus preserve an amiable temper, remember the case here cited, and readily avoid the error pointed out."

In passing from this branch of our subject, we will just say, that the advantage of taking a paper must have been very strongly felt some time ago, by a poor old woman, in England, who had long earned her livelihood by knitting. One day, coming to the end of her worsted ball, she found it to have been wound on a piece of an old newspaper, which she had the curiosity to read; and to her astonishment and delight, she discovered it to contain an advertisement respecting herself, as be heir of a large property, of which she was soon after put in possession.

One great difficulty presses with mighty power on the mind of the writer while penning this chapter. It is the enquiry, which of two men is the most foolish, he who refuses commencing to take a paper at all, or he who gives it up after he has commenced. The best excuse, perhaps, for not taking a paper at all, was one assigned by an old honest farmer in the old country, though it must be admitted that the best is bad. This worthy one being asked why he did not subscribe for a newspaper, answered, "Because my father, when he died, a good many years ago, left me a large quantity of old papers, and I have not read them through yet."

But there is another class—those who "stop" their papers. And that our remarks on this subject may not be suspected as "personal," we shall crush a humorous sermon, extracted from the *London Banner*, of several years ago:—

TEXT—"STOP MY PAPER."

This text you will find recorded in some of the letters sent to the editors of religious newspapers, by discontented subscribers. The text is an injunction, which in an "editorial" point of view deserves consideration. We invite your attention to the following exposition of the text.

We notice,

I.—*Who are the persons who say "Stop my paper."*

Sometimes those who can *easily* afford to pay his subscription price.

2. Or those who acknowledge it to be a "good paper;" which they like to read, or "think a great deal of."

3. Or those who are church members, and "willing to uphold the church or missionary societies, of all creats."

4. Or those who profess to be Christians, and attend over the apathy and indifference manifested by the world towards religious periodicals. Such are very often the persons who threaten or terrify editors with "*stop my paper.*"

II.—The "*Reasons*" for stopping the paper. These are numerous, but we have room only for about "a dozen," which we leave to the intelligent reader to judge of their weight.

1. One, not very much *engaged*, says he has "no time to read it."

2. Another, not at all poor, says, "it costs too much."

3. Another, feeling no pressure, says, "the times are hard."

4. Another, with plenty of cash, says, "money is so scarce."

5. Another, a *good church member*, "prefers a *political paper*, for instance."

6. Another, a professing Christian, thinks "there are almost too many religious matters in it."

7. Another, because it speaks "too much in favour of temperance."

8. Another, because "it had a piece" that he didn't like.

9. Another, because the editor stepped off some of the "long ears," in the communications forwarded to him for publication.

10. Another, because the editor called on him for the pay of three or four years' standing.

11. Another, because the editor, or his correspondents told him the truth, through the columns of the press.

Such are some of the "Reasons" given for stopping the "paper," but they are certainly very unreasonable reasons, for they look more like the dictates of *reasons* than the realities of truth; and it is to be hoped that no subscriber may ever be compelled to fly to them for refuge, when he feels disposed to say, STOP MY PAPER.

One or two words, now, on *Readers*. These are, happily, numerous, and generally very kind. Now and then it may happen that the editor may have a slap of the pen, and either write a mistaken article, or one not very distinctly understood, and as a right dudish may be let the document rested, but among good natured people, as all our readers are, this will soon be forgotten. It may, too, sometimes happen that the editor may be too kind, and in less readily may admit what he should have declined. It is not every conductor of the public press who can do as one of whom a poet saith—

"A correspondent something new
Transmitting, signed simply X. Q.
The editor his sister read.
And thought it signed Miss Q. Z."

It is a singular, but assuredly a correct remark of Bishop Hurd's, when he says, "No man is ever satisfied with another man's reading a newspaper a book; but the moment it is laid down, he takes it, and reads it over again." We suppose that this is founded in fact on the principle of a man delivering all his evidence he can obtain at forts, and not being content with hearing news, he wishes to see it.

By the way, it is difficult for Americans to realize the difficulty, in some countries, of getting newspapers, excepting among the higher ranks, who can afford luxuries. Less, for instance, at England, where the system prevails of borrowing, or of going to coffee houses almost on purpose to read the paper. One of the most ingenious men we ever saw was entitled "An educated debtor in the Times." It represented the interior of a coffee house, where a gentleman, as "*The Times*" in his hand, and has forgotten the fire, his coffee, and every thing else, and is reading to fourteen or eight or ten hours, apparently if determined to understand every word, while another gentleman is waiting his turn, and looks—how he looks!—ready to knock him down, or in some other way to disturb his studies, and to obtain the paper! We have known right regular paid newspaper readers who would twist their tea, or fifteen mines weekly to get the paper." Noble souls! Much good may it do them!

Bachelorone, who, poor as he was, was sometimes a little cynical, divided the readers of a newspaper into two great classes, the general readers. The ill natured man, looks to the list of bankrupts; the shop man, to the price of bread; the stock jobber to the list of the day; the old maid, to marriages; the prodigal son, to deaths; the moneyscrivet, to the wants of a well harvest; and the boarding school master to every thing relating to Groton Green! Had he lived to be acquainted, as we are, with American society, how differently would he have written!

Well, however, it is true that different persons look out for different things. While one reader examines evidence of the improvement of the world, another is not contented unless he can read of an "awful murder," or a "dreadful fire," and rather, the gentleman will read the same article with different eyes, find with varied feelings. Here, now, is an illustration:—

"Job printing—job printing!" exclaimed an old lady, the other day, to she peeped over her spectacles at the advertising page of a country paper, "—Poor Job! They've kept him printing, week after week, ever since I first learnt to read; and if he wasn't the patientest man that ever was, he never could have stood it so long, so how."

Now that our readers have got a smile on their countenances, lest they should seem begin to complain that our chapter, like the editor's page, has an end, we will retire, just introducing Mr. Willis, to ask a certain class of persons:—

"WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THE PAPER?"

Why don't you take the paper?
They are "the life of my delight"
Except about election times,
And then I read for spite.

Subscribe, you cannot lose a cent,
Why should you be afraid?
For each thus spent, in advance,
On interest fourfold paid.

Go, then, and trace the papers,
And pay to-day, nor pray delay,
And my word heard, it is believed,
You'll live till you are grey.

An old newsmonger friend of mine,
While dying from the cough,
Desired to hear the latest news,
While he was going off.

I took the paper, and I read
Of some new pills in force;
He bought a box—and is he dead?
No! hearty on a horse.

I knew a printer's debtor once,
Racked with a wrenching fever,
Who swore to pay her bill next day,
If her disease would leave her.

Next morning she was at her work
Divested of her pain
But did forget to pay her debt,
Till taken down again.

"Here, Jessie, take those silver wheels.
Go pay the printer now!"
She spoke, and fainting fell and then awoke,
With health upon her brow.

I knew two men as much alike,
As e'er you saw two stumps,
And no phrenologist could find,
A difference in their bumps.

One took the papers, and his life
Is happier than a king's.
His children all can read and write,—
All talk of men and things.

The other took no papers, and
White shrieking through a wood
A tree fell down upon his crown
And killed him—"worry good."

Had he been reading of the news,
At home, like neighbor Jim,
I'll bet a cent that accident
Would not have happen'd him.

Why don't you take the papers?
Nor from the printer sneak,
Because you borrow of his boy,
And have a quarrel per week.

For he who takes the papers,
And *pays his bill when due*,
Can live at peace with God and man,
And with the printer, too.

United States
SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1848.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to see the Board of Publishers all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

MRS. STEPHENS'S STORY.

We commence this week the publication of the opening chapter by Mrs. Stephens, entitled "from the Poor House," which, if it has been rather longer coming than we expected or intended, will now that it has come, amply repay the waiting. Mrs. Stephens, herself, thinks it one of the best, if not the best, she has ever written. Our readers will note the beautiful and poetical descriptions with which the first two chapters are interspersed, and the deep pathos with which several passages are written.

We shall publish a large number extra of the papers containing this story, to supply those who have been waiting for its appearance before sending on their subscriptions. But we advise all to apply as early as possible, for the demand for this tale will probably be very great, and those that first come must be first served.

TO OUR EXCHANGES.

We occasionally receive complaints from our contemporaries that the Post has been stopped, or does not come regularly. We can state once for all, that the terms of exchange we have always complied with *and we desire it*, we always scrupulously comply with our part of the bargain. We put the name on our list, and our paper is sent from this city *regularly*. In cases where our Prospectus is stated by the bill now before the Senate, at ten cents, without regard to distance. Now the great majority of the papers published in the cities, and a large number of those published in the country, will weigh between one and two ounces. This would be granting the prayer of the people for an alteration in the newspaper postage law "with a vengeance." The rates of subscribers residing in the same State would be doubled, and those residing out of the State would have to pay one cent where they now *pay only one cent eighth*. As we cannot suppose it was the intention of Mr. Miller, the drafter of the bill, then to "prepost" Huskwards, we trust that he or some other member of the Senate, will have this matter corrected.

If we might advise honorable Senators, in all modesty, we would recommend that the bill before them be amended by substituting the bill that has passed the House, in place of the clause referring to newspapers. The House bill was evidently drafted by one who had made himself master of his subject, and in a more judicious and liberal one than that reported in the Senate so far as newspapers are concerned. By taking the Senate bill so far as it relates to letters, and adding to it the House bill, which relates, as we have said, to newspapers, &c., a bill would be produced which, we think, would satisfy the expectations and desires of the press and people generally.

One word in regard to the relation between the press and the Government. We repeat what we have said on another occasion, that the Government should look with favorable eyes upon the growth of the press. The press is doing the same work as schools and colleges. It is instructing and refining the masses of the people. If Congress thinks it right and expedient (as we also do) to give tracts of land for the purpose of encouraging schools and colleges, surely it should throw every facility in the way of publishers of newspapers. It seems to us that any policy that looks towards repressing the activity and enterprise of the press, is unworthy of the age in which we live, and cannot long be sustained.

FOURIERISM.

We saw Albert Brisbane, the other day, trying to convert Park Benjamin to Fourierism. We can of not help making some free who, in a Phalanx or spouse of such men as Park and Albert, would dig the potatoes and carry the coals?

We cut the above paragraph from the "John Donkey," the other day, and without designing to make ourselves a party to any attack upon either Mr. Brisbane or Mr. Benjamin, we have quoted it as an appropriate text for a few remarks upon one of the weak points of Fourierism.

It is one of the main beliefs of the Fourierites, that there is no work to be done in this world, which there are not persons having a *desire* to engage in. This is Fourier's grand doctrine of "passional attraction." Men dislike to work as things are now, he says, because they have to work at kinds of work which they have no attraction for. But, in a proper organization of society, it is contended, men would work for the mere love of work; and not from the necessity of the case, or the desire to enjoy the *results* of labor, as they do now.

We do not pretend to deny that some kinds of work are pleasanter to every man than other kinds. As a general rule, whatever work a man has a capacity for and can do well, is the pleasantest to him. But there are numerous cases where men have no peculiar aptitude, and where they are excited to labor almost entirely by the desire to enjoy the results of that labor, and not by any inherent love of the labor itself. In fact, there are very few cases, if any, where men work—or would work, under any organization of society—*simply* from the love of it; while, in a large number of cases, the work that has to be done is distasteful, and, in some cases, absolutely odious. Men might be found, perhaps, who should fancy the digging of potatoes and the carrying of coals, above all other kinds of labor, but there are certain other kinds necessary to be done, in all communities, which we can imagine none to perform for the love of it.

Fourier has met this objection to his theory, in a rather ingenious but very insufficient manner. He grants that there are certain kinds of filthy work that no man would have a "passional attraction" for; but he contends that boys of a certain age are gifted by nature with this attraction. He therefore would have the boys engaged in employments that revolt the nicer senses of the men.

Now we acknowledge that there is a time in these boys' lives when both physical and moral filth have a strange attraction for them; but we would think it far from wise to encourage this tendency. The passage from the purity of ignorance to the purity of knowledge is often a dangerous one, and dangerous in proportion to the general intensity of the organization. We do not think that even in the worst of such cases, there would be a "passional attraction" for work of the kind we allude to; but we know that if such was the case, it would be the very worst policy to encourage it. It is an encouraged, coarse and sensual men would be the inevitable result.

In fact, the purest minded, those who have the most antipathy to, the least "passional attraction" for filth, are the sons, whether children or men, that can do the most good to the refinement and purity of their own natures, come into contact with it. There is a natural connection between earthly and spiritual impurity, and in proportion to the attraction or sympathy between the mind and a corresponding spiritual one.

Therefore it is, that we have little faith in the "Little Hordes," as they are annoyingly termed, of Mr. Brisbane—and little faith that the world can be so organized, or that man is so constituted that it will ever be possible to depend entirely and solely upon the love of work as a sufficient motive for the performance of the needful amount of all kinds of labor—although we are far from denying that much may be done, (and is every day being done,) to make work of many kinds more pleasant than it has heretofore been.

LIGHTNING.

During a heavy thunder-storm, persons should avoid handling pieces of metal, especially if they are pointed, such as scissors, forks, &c. As an illustration of the danger of handling or being near metallic substances on such occasions, we may mention that a lady by the name of Archer, residing near Mount Holly, N. J., was struck by the lightning in the very severe storm of Monday week, and instantly killed. She was in the shed of her dwelling, washing *knives and forks*, and the electric fluid passed down through a crack between the roof of the shed and the house.

A philosophical friend of ours, in illustration of the attraction of the electric fluid to a metallic point, says that one time when quite a stream of electricity was passing from an editorial sanctum, into a receiver, through a space of several inches, by means of the usual brass ball, he held the point of his knife towards the ball, at about some five or six feet distance. He marked was the effect, that the current into the receiver immediately ceased—showing how vastly superior was the attraction towards a point than towards a flat or even spherical surface.

The same friend informed us that when he was travelling, some years since, through parts of this State, he was amazed at the intensity of many of the farmers in the construction of their lightning rods. So far from being calculated to protect the house, they seemed to us, from their inconvenience, if not the unprecisability, of carrying them into effect.

GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS.

If any of our readers should have occasion to visit the City of Boston, and wish the luxury of good airy rooms, clean beds, attentive waiters, gentlemanly landlords, and tables covered with all the delicacies of the season which the appetite of man can crave, and all at one dollar and fifty cents per day, we recommend them to call at the American Hotel, Hanover street, and they will not be disappointed. We speak knowingly, having lately tested of the matter ourselves.

RIOTS.

It has been ascertained by a Committee of the Board of County Commissioners, that the money paid for the suppression of the riots of 1844, and as a compensation for the property then destroyed, would maintain all the public schools of our city and county for a whole year. Such calculations are very interesting, especially to those lazy people who made fools of themselves on the occasion referred to.

PORTRAIT OF TAYLOR.

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THE MEXICAN WOMEN.

The lower orders of the Mexicans have already begun their persecution of those of their countrywomen and country women, who have been on friendly terms with the Americans. It is reported that at San Angel they took a number of women (of not very good character, we infer,) to the very trees where Riley and his companions were whipped and branded, and there cut their hair short from their heads, and with a hot iron burned the letters "U. S." upon their cheeks. The correspondent of the Delta, from the City of Mexico, says:—

"When this news was received in the city, the women who had visited the halls and danced with our people, were in a great way. They ran off to their houses, enclosed all Yankee company, and knowing that they had been marked for future punishment, commenced making preparations for departure. Those who had not a *particular friend* among the Americans, were running round the different wagon-yards, begging the teamsters to take them to Jalapa, Vera Cruz, or to such other places on the road as they might live for a while in safety, and I verily believe that they will average two to each wagon that is now on the road.

"Nearly every follower of the army is on the road—business of every kind is at an end, and the general appearance of Mexico reminds me of New Orleans in the dog days.

"Many of the gamblers, the only Americans who carry home any wealth, have left here in carriages drawn by eight or ten mules, their money packed before, behind and on top of the coach, and themselves and their native *lady* seated inside."

THE ST. LEGER PAPERS.

A gentleman has sent on the June number of the Knickerbocker, that we may give our opinion of a series of articles that are being published in that periodical with the title of "The Saint Leger Papers." Our opinion is that the number we have seen is remarkably well written. Take the following as a sample—though we do not endorse the sentiment; and yet it has a spice of truth in it:—

"Do you seriously ask whether, instead of healthful intercourse with manly intellects, it is not better to select for the object a woman or perhaps some unwhisk love-lorn girl? Why, a woman will make for you a very holy sentiment out of a wicked reality, and a kind of divine beatitude out of a wicked sentiment. She will bid you cherish your sins as long as they be daring, high wrought, and have a smack of the super-sensual about them, and so long as you will lisp your confessional into her ear. Nay, say to a woman that you are a devil incarnate, and she will beg you in the purest strain, so long as you are a very valiant devil, and belong to her! St. Leger, St. Leger! remember what I tell you; trust in man. Not to one in confidence, but open your heart to true hearts. Dare to seem what you are. Resolve to be what you seem. Above all things deceive not yourself. It is the part of a fiend to deceive another; it is the part of both fiend and fool to practice a self deception! . . . . As Kauffman finished speaking, his eyes flashed, his chest expanded, and his whole frame appeared agitated by the intensity of his emotions."

THE LOWELL GIRLS.

One of the proprietors of the Post was lately in Lowell for the first time. He paid only a flying visit, but had opportunity, nevertheless, to inspect one of the largest mills in that thriving manufacturing town. He was pleased with the general cleanliness and nice order of the mill, pleased with the accurate movements of the machinery, and, above all, pleased with the appearance of the Lowell girls. We heard him say, after he had returned, that he had "*never seen so many pretty girls together before in his life.*" We took this up at once, as being rank treason to the Philadelphia belles; but he would not retract in the least. So far from the factory girls being pale and squalid-like, as he expected, he says he found them rosy and healthy-looking—glowing and radiant as the morn. In fact, if all he says be true, the Lowell girls are well worth taking a ride of some hundreds of miles to see.

BOARDING HOUSES.

Certain boarding houses of this city, are nuisances—they must be put down—the health of the city requires it. The Board of Health is taking the matter in hand. The Board has declared them to be "nuisances, within the intent and meaning of the law." They render the neighborhoods in which they are situated, unpopular and disagreeable, of course depreciate the value of property to the amount of thousands of dollars. An exterminating war must be declared against these boarding houses—and their inmates. The latter must have sharp cold steel applied to their throats, if necessary. Come what will come, these boarding houses must be abolished or removed.—We mean the *Pig* boarding houses.

MR. MITCHELL.

Mr. Mitchell, on the day of his conviction, wrote a letter to the Secretary of St. Patrick's Club, of which he was President, advising them to persevere in an aggressive course of action, and not to recognize the recent acts of Parliament for laws. He says that what Ireland wants is not arms, counsel, and organization, opportunity or union, nor foreign sympathy, but spirit—"a proud, defiant, intolerance of slavery and scorn of pretended 'legal penalties,' as well as other personal consequences. When this soul has come into Ireland, her opportunity is come; till then—never! never!"

THE PARTY PAPERS.

The Democratic papers abound with accounts, true and false, of dissolutions in the Whig ranks; and the Whig papers with similar accounts, true and false, of dissolution in the Democratic ranks. It is our intention to maintain for the Post the character of an independent neutral paper, by laying before our readers all authentic accounts of dissolution in the ranks of *both* parties, whose such dissolutions are of any importance. It may be the part of the political press to give one side only, but it is our part to give both sides.

ERRATA.

In the third paragraph of Mrs. Stephens's story occurs the sentence, "He knew that it was the reception which degraded the man"—it should read, "He knew that it was not the reception which degraded the man." Reference is also made to the "silver star" of the New York policemen—it should be "*gilded* star." Such mistakes will occur in the best regulated newspaper families—especially when they have a manuscript to decipher almost as mysterious as the Egyptian hieroglyphics.

SYMPATHY MEETINGS.

Large meetings have been held in New York and in this city, to express sympathy for Mr. Mitchell, and indignation at the course of the British Government. At the New York meeting a pledge was adopted, solemnly promising that the signers would not purchase any article of British manufacture until John Mitchell is restored to liberty, and Ireland to independence. Such pledges seldom amount to much, from the great inconvenience, if not the impracticability, of carrying them into effect.

GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS.

If any of our readers should have occasion to visit the City of Boston, and wish the luxury of good airy rooms, clean beds, attentive waiters, gentlemanly landlords, and tables covered with all the delicacies of the season which the appetite of man can crave, and all at one dollar and fifty cents per day, we recommend them to call at the American Hotel, Hanover street, and they will not be disappointed. We speak knowingly, having lately tested of the matter ourselves.

RIOTS.

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Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

Lyons, June 20th, 1848.

Gentlemen:—I resolved this beautiful place on the morning of the 12th. My friend, Miss P——, and myself stopped a few days in New York, where we should have had a delightful visit, had not ill health interfered materially with my enjoyment, and through sympathy with that of my friends. I had taken an additional cold on my journey from Philadelphia, and my cough became more frequent and violent. But fortunately, (perhaps I should say Providentially,) I met at Miss L——'s, a skilful physician, who prescribed for me, and now, thanks to his skill and his kindness, my cough and I have nearly parted company, and my voice has returned to me—to great matter of a voice in itself, but of some value to its owner, nevertheless.

One morning, during our stay in New York, our friends took us on a picture-seeing expedition. We first visited the Art Union Rooms, where we saw nothing very remarkable, except Cole's beautiful series of pictures, called, I believe, "The Story of Life." With these I was greatly delighted. We next visited the gallery of Goupil and Vibert, and saw Schefer's "Dead Christ," and Muller's "Undine." The "Dead Christ" is one of the highest works of art I have ever seen. It has about it the awful grandeur, the unapproachable majesty of sorrow. Never was the hopeless and passionate abandonment of woman's grief more beautifully depicted. But, far more impressive than this, the unspeakable sadness of the dead Saviour's face—the sorrow of Godhood over a perishing world. As I looked upon that sacred head, lying in the stillness and coldness of death—its pale, sublime beauty yet encircled with the faint, dying halo of the just departed divinity, something of the divine sadness lingering about those pale lips and closed eyes entered into my soul. I thought not of the insults and mockeries and physical agonies of the last hour, but of its utter, its *fearful loneliness*. When alone, *alone* in the midst of His Father's universe, it was His to endure and to die, and while Heaven was darkened, and earth convulsed, to bow His head in desolation, while on His last breath rose the mournful cry of a forsaken heart!

The "Undine" is a lovely and poetical creature, which lives in one's memory as an image of wild and joyous beauty, freshness and innocence.

We also saw Count D'Orsay's portrait of Victoria, on horse-back, which you will soon have an opportunity of seeing in Philadelphia. I should say that this picture has many fine points. The horse is a spirited creature, certainly—the Queen is admirably seated, has a fine poise of the head and an air at once brave and unconfident. She has an exulting and a buoyant, rather than a proud and commanding look—and for this I like the picture.

I am here fast recovering my strength; I seem to be drinking in a new, rich life of elastic spirits and freshness from the ever-changing East-winds, fresh and cool from their broad Ocean sweep. I have already had a mild horse-back ride on the beach. Oh, that I could give you an idea of that glorious ride! The morning was sunny and warm, but the breeze which came over the water seemed surcharged with strength and exhilaration—seemed throbbing with the wild, restless, sparkling life of Old Ocean. With intense enjoyment I drank in every breath!—with deep awe, with admiration and adoration fell my every glance on the "great waters" which lay before me in calm and sunshine, unfathomable, illimitable, beautiful and glorious as the summer skies they mirrored.

Our hostess partaking of our exhilaration, almost flew over the glassy beach. I rode a light grey, strikingly like the steed reined by the Queen in D'Orsay's picture. He was full of fire and vigor, and bounded onward with quick, joyous leaps, his beautiful head bowed among proud, and large, and healthy-looking—glowing and radiant as the morn. In fact, if all he says be true

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1847.

INTERESTING TO POSTMASTERS.

A circular has been issued from the Auditor's Office to the Post Office Department, notifying Postmasters that there is no necessity for the employment of agents to secure the increased compensation allowed by the late law. In a month or so, each Postmaster will be advised of the amount to be credited him for the quarter due up to the 31st of March last. The Postmaster may then retain an equal amount of the funds then in his hands, or thereafter is to be collected—or receive payment of the amount from the Department—if the credit cannot be thus liquidated. But, in no event is it necessary for him, at an expense to himself, to employ an agent in connection with this, or any other business he may have with the Post Office Department.

THE CHARTISTS.

The Chartists of several manufacturing towns in the West Riding have recently been arming themselves with the pike and other weapons. They have also been actively engaged in drilling. In Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Bingley, and other places, the Chartists have enrolled themselves members of certain clubs, which they denominate "Life and Property Societies," or "National Guards Societies," and these clubs now assemble regularly for drilling and other purposes.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

In Woodstock, Vermont, Susan D. Whitcomb has obtained a verdict of $6250.56 against Rev. John Wolcott, for breach of marriage promise. There was an interregnum of 17 years in the reign of their love. One witness testified that "Susan sat on the defendant's knee, in which fact he observed nothing *criminal* or abusive, if he understood the *nature of courts and acts*."

EXCUSING A JUROR.

A pretty good joke was perpetrated upon Mr. Justice Hand, at the present circuit in this county. A juror on asking to be discharged from serving, gave as a reason that he had listened to the judge's *charge to the Grand Jury, and could not make sense of it.* The excuse was perfectly satisfactory. The juror was a little deaf.—*Saratoga (N. Y.) Republican.*

A BEAUTIFUL HEDGE.

The best hedge in the United States, says the Genesee Farmer, extends about a mile along the highway on a plantation of 3,000 acres, near Augusta, Georgia. It is the Cherokee rose, which is now in full bloom, presenting a magnificent floral spectacle, and filling the atmosphere with delicious perfume. No animal without wings can get over it or through it.

A NEW MODE OF TAKING FISH.

More than a hundred gallons of whiskey were emptied in Grand River. The consequence was, that the fishes got so tipsy that they raft blindly upon the beach, and were taken without trouble.

New Publications.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE. Graham commences a new volume with the July number—and a superior one it is, too. The engravings are a fine portrait of Lamartine, a Fashion Plate, and a fancy picture of a young girl sitting amid Autumn scenery—the former accompanying an admirable sketch of his life. The literary matter of this number is by J. M. Legare, Herbert, Read, Arthur, Foster, Sullivare, Grund, Burleigh, Mrs. Osgood, Mrs. Sigourney, &c., &c. The poetry is, as usual, very good. Mr. Longfellow contributes the following short ballad:

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

[When the wind abated and the vessels were near enough, the admiral was seen constantly sitting in the stern, with a book in his hand. On the 9th of September no sail was seen for the last time, and was heard by the people of the Hind to say, "We are as near Heaven by sea as by land." In the following night the lights of the admiral's vessel disappeared. The people in the other vessels kept a good look out for him during the remainder of the voyage. On the 22d of September they arrived, through much tempest and peril, at Falmouth. But nothing was seen or heard of the admiral. *Belknap's American Biography, I. 203.*]

Southward with his fleet of ice
Sailed Sir Humphrey Gilbert.
Wild and fair blew the blast,
And the east wind was his breath.
His lordship sat on deck
Conversed in the stern;
On each side sate the persons wise,
Planning crystal strongholds rare.
His table of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain;
But nought to pledge in it save cups
Of bubbling crystal was the main.
Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed.
Three days or more onward he bore.
Then, alas! the land-wind failed.
Ice, the land-wind was,
And cooled the charmed air all night,
And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.
He sat upon the deck,
The book was in his hand.
"Do not fear! Heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land!"
In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sleeping fleet,
The fleet of Death rose all around.
The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to shake and quiver gleaming clouds.
They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold!
As of a rock was the shock;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.
Southward through day and dark,
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain to the Spanish main:
Yet their seems no change of place.
Southward, forever southward,
They drift through dark and day.
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream,
Sinking sounds all away.

F. Dean English has a poem that is beautifully written: but the thought that the author would hardly like to be taken at his word, jars upon us in the reading:

DEATH—AN INVOCATION.

BY F. DEAN ENGLISH.

There are no king of terrors—sweet Death!
But a maiden young and fair,
Taken with the lustre of the spring starlight,
And golden is thy hair!
White the smile that flickers thy lips upon
Has a light beyond compare.

Come then, Death, from the dark brown shades
Where your home has been!
Come to the haunts where sin abound
And troublers darkly throng;
And lay thy broke kiss on her lips
Of a cheek of sorrow and wrong.

For I can gaze with a rapture deep
Upon thy lovely face,
Many a smile I find therein,
Where another's frown would freeze—
As a calm is the child in its new-made home
I will take them to my embrace.

Come, oh, come! I long for thy look
I mourn to win thy kiss—
Into my misery's night a cloud of sin
Has cast its pall of gloom—
For to that I may kneel to God alone,
Which I may not do in this.

For woman and wealth they woo pursue,
And a morning hour lies there
Men labor for love and work for wealth
And struggle to gain a name;
Yet find but fickleness, and cares,
And fame—but a breath of shame.

Then carry me lenore, sweet Death—my Bride!
Must I woo thee still in vain?
Come at the noon or come at the eve,
Or come in the sun or rain;
But come—come, come! for the loss of life
To me is the sholest gain.

The following extinction upon "Wurthering Heights," is about the best we have seen:

Wurthering Heights. This novel is said to be by the author of Jane Eyre, and was eagerly caught at by a lunching public, on the strength of the report. It offended, however, but little nutriment, and has universally disappointed expectation. There is an old saying that those who eat toasted cheese at night will dream of Lucifer. The author of Wurthering Heights has evidently eaten toasted cheese. How a human being could have attempted such a book as the present without committing suicide before he had finished a dozen chapters, is a mystery. It is a compound of vulgar depravity and unnatural horrors, such as we might suppose a person, inspired by a mixture of brandy and gunpowder, might write for the edification of fish-tale blackguards. Were Mr. Quasi alive, we should be inclined to believe that the story had been dictated by him to Lawyer Brase and published by the interesting sales of that legal gentleman.

THE PEOPLE'S LIFE OF GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR, with a Biographical Sketch of Millard Fillmore. The publication of this, Taylor for the Presidency, by the Whig Convention, will of course bring out more lives than ever of him. This is called the "Peoples' Life" of the General, but why, we do not exactly understand. It cannot be that all the people have had a hand in writing it. Perhaps it is because all the people are expected (or rather, *desired*,) to purchase a copy. A short, very short sketch of Mr. Fillmore also is furnished. Published and for sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.*

Life in Boston.

PASSING EVENTS IN MODERN ATHENS.

BOSTON, *June, 1848.*

GENTLEMEN:—My last letter left us peeping forth from the North window of the State House top, and by observing that Mount Wachusick, which is on the verge of the State, can be seen in the little town of Ashburnham, as also beyond, is seen famous old Mount Monadnock, in Jeffry, New Hampshire,—we close the North view and pass over to the East window. From this side, we look out and down upon the harbor, the wharves and shipping. A conspicuous island in front, was formerly known as Noddle's Island, now it is in East Boston, and on it is a thriving little village. This place is supplied with excellent water, by means of an Artesian well, which derive the name from the wells of Artois, in France; only those in Artois are natural spouts of water oozing up through the rocks, while the well in East Boston is bored down through the rocks four hundred feet, and the cavity is cased with durable iron cylinders; the water comes up strong and in prime. Before the Artesian well was bored, they fared badly ever there for water. The depot of the Eastern Railroad is in East Boston, the Cunard steamers have their docks there, also; these two matters have caused the place to thrive; the population is about six thousand. Two forts are seen in the harbor, one is Fort Warren, on Governor's Island, to the right of that is Fort Independence, on Castle Island. The islands are numerous and picturesque; we frequently get up fishing parties, go down the harbor, catch cod, halibut, lobsters, mackerel, &c., then go to an island, raise a fire, get out the pots, pans, with other pic-nic matters, and have a *good time.* There, at the head of famous "Long Wharf," is the new Custom House; it is a large, square granite building, recently finished. Quincy Market is next visible, this long granite building is indeed a gem of a market, clean and spacious, closes all up, like a row of stores; the second floor is occupied by a large clothing establishment. Agricultural implements, the most extensive and perfect display the eye of the cultivator ever beheld, are here exhibited and sold; *the Ploughman* is published here.—Editor Buckminster's sanctum is an Agricultural Museum itself, and well worth a visit. The rear end of the second floor is occupied as an armory. That durable and elegant structure is five hundred and thirty-six feet long, fifty feet wide, cost a million dollars, and was gotten up through the exertions of Josiah Quincy, Sr., then (1826) Mayor of Boston. The new structure, on Beacon Hill, will be to the present Mayor, Josiah Quincy, Jr., what the market is to the old man—a noble, a desirable monument. The Quincys are good citizens, enterprising and patriotic public others. In front of Quincy Market, is old Faneuil Hall, of which so much has been said and sung. It is an antique looking structure, the ground floors are all taken by stores, eating houses, &c., &c. If you enter a large door and ascend large stairs to the hall, where the infant Liberty first heard its lullaby and had its rocking in the cradle. Gen. Gage's officers fitted it up for a theatre, and here, 'tis said, were the first theatrical performances ever given in the city. The hall is very large, will hold from five to seven thousand people, I should think; has large galleries and seats, the portrait of Peter Faneuil—the donor of the hall—full length, in the front end of the gallery, and full length portrait of Washington; then there are hall portraits of Gen. Warren, Gen. Knox, John Q. Adams, Franklin, &c. Every stranger making his debut in Faneuil Hall, I observe, seems to be under the impression that those portraits represent individuals with whom Bostonians are but slightly, or not at all acquainted; hence the new orator begins to introduce them, tell over what they did in such a place and on such time, &c., to the no small love of us that have heard all about them all their doings, ever since we were little things in jacket and trowsers. Those poor portraits have to witness some queer, varied and singular performances. The Democrats and Whigs lately have filled the hall jam up with their noisy "ratification meetings." When the Whigs got home from their Philadelphia spree, they called the brotherhood together, and held a regular powwow in Old Faneuil. The City Hall and Court House are near; the Court House is very spacious, eight courts are held there frequently in a week. The Church and the little gothic Swedenborgian Church are near. There is "*Old Scotch*," a church older far than the oldest inhabitant, and with which every Bostonian is as familiar as his fingers and toes. In the days of the Revolution, the British officers used to ride their horses into the very tane out the pews, &c., of "Old Scotch," and converted it into a riding school; it is a venerable land-mark, on Washington Street, just opposite the spot where Franklin was born. The "Old South" is also near, and is well worth a visit. The Museum, Tremont Temple and Tremont House, are objects of interest to be seen, and without pattern lauding the latter as a specimen of what a Temperance School Houses, for which the city is famous, with numerous Churches, Libraries, &c., &c., we let down the curtain. The passage from Boston to New York is now made in ten hours, steamers 300 tons, fare $3. The cars and steamers are to see in front in the world. They charge, down your way, $5 and $4 for a ride from New York to your city, about 24 miles, the conveyances, cars, &c., are awful sloshby, and the fare a great imposition; but I see the *people* are about to abrogate the monopoly, glad of it, and to have been done five years ago. The weather is just getting quite here.

Adieu, FALCONBRIDGE.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 26th, Mr. Felch presented the credentials of Mr. Fitzgerald, as Senator from the State of Michigan, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Cass. Mr. Fitzgerald was sworn in and took his seat.

The bill from the House in relation to the payment of internal exchanges, proposed by Mr. Vallandingham, was taken up and passed.

The bill from the House allowing further time for satisfying the claims for bounty lands, was passed.

A joint resolution, reported from the Committee on the Library, was passed, authorizing the presentation of a series of weights and measures of the United States to the Government of France.

On motion of Mr. Dix, the bill from the House to prevent the importation of adulterated drugs was taken up.

Mr. Dix proposed as an amendment, the substitution of the bill reported in the Senate for the same purpose, which he considered more perfect than the bill being considered. The proposition was adopted, and the bill as amended was then passed.

On motion of Mr. Badger, the bill to promote the despatch of business in the Supreme Court, was taken up, but at the request of Mr. Butler, who desired time to examine the bill, it was informally laid aside.

The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of the regular order of the day, being the Indian Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Bell resumed his remarks, and proceeded to advocate the adoption of the amendment offered by him. He stated that it was simply an act of justice to the Cherokees remaining in North Carolina. They had been deprived of their lands, and it was but right that they should be paid for them.

A lengthen debate of several hours followed, at of which the amendment was adopted, and the bill was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

On the 27th, the Vice President laid before the Senate a Report from the Secretary of the Treasury, giving the amount of hospital money received and expended during several past years, which was ordered to be printed.

Mr. Niles, from the Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads, reported a bill providing for the establishment of a mail route in lieu of postage, leather postage at three cents, and the rate for newspapers at one cent two cents. Mr. Niles, in submitting this bill, said that the object was to elicit public opinion upon the subject, so that Congress should be able to act understandingly upon the matter at the next session.

The Indian Appropriation bill was then taken up and passed.

On motion of Mr. Hannegan, the Senate went into Executive session, and after spending more than an hour with closed doors, the public were again admitted.

A number of private bills were considered and passed, and the Senate adjourned.

On the 29th, the joint resolution from the House, for the adjournment of Congress upon the 17th of July, was then taken up for consideration.

Mr. Badger offered an amendment providing for the re-assembling of both Houses on the second Monday of November following.

Mr. Hannegan preferred the third Monday in December.

Mr. Calhoun opposed the adjournment, and moved to lay the resolution upon the table.

After speeches from Messrs. Berrien, Atchison and Clayton, in favor of the resolution and from Messrs. Butler and Atherton, in opposition, Mr. Foote obtained the floor, and changed the Whig members with desiring an adjournment for the purpose of avoiding the discussion of the slavery question.

Mr. Mangum replied that they were ready to meet any issue presented to them now and ever.

A further debate ensued between Messrs. Foote and Mangum, altogether political in its character.

Mr. Miller alluded to the course pursued by General Cass on the Wilmot Proviso, and charged him with taking both sides on that question.

Mr. Foote defended Gen. Cass, and said that it was Lewis Cass, of Michigan, that defeated the Wilmot Proviso. He had been in favor of that Proviso, but having seen his error, had candidly acknowledged it.

After further cross-firing between Messrs. Foote and Mangum, respecting Gens. Cass and Taylor, at 5 o'clock, without taking any question, the Senate adjourned.

On the 23rd, Mr. Boston presented the credentials of Ex Gov. Dodge, one of the newly elected Senators from Wisconsin, who was sworn and took his seat.

The bill to amend an act providing for the transportation of mails between this and foreign countries, (the retaliatory postage measure against Great Britain) was taken up, and the House amendment concurred in.

On motion of Mr. Underwood, the bill for obtaining testimony in relation to claims for losses sustained in the Florida war, was taken up and discussed by Messrs. Dickinson, Westcott, Clayton, Mason and Underwood.

Mr. Bright moved that the Oregon Bill be taken up, which was agreed to by 27 yeas to 18 nays.

The debate was carried on by Messrs. Davis of Mississippi, Yulee, Foote, Johnson, of Maryland, and Badger.

Mr. Dix having secured the floor next upon the question, further consideration of the bill was postponed for the present.

On the 26th, the bill to promote the despatch of business in the Supreme Court, was taken up, amended and passed.

The resolution offered by Mr. Hale, instructing the Committee on the District of Columbia, to report a bill providing for the abolition of slavery in the district was called up and negatived by a vote of 36 to 9, forty-five.

On the 26th, the Vice President being absent, on motion of Mr. Benton, Mr. Atchison was chosen as President pro tem. of the Senate.

Mr. Dodge presented the credentials of Mr. Walker, of Wisconsin, entitling him to a seat in the Senate. After being duly qualified he took his seat.

On Mr. Benton's motion, Messrs. Dodge and Walker, the Senators from the new State of Wisconsin, proceeded to draw lots for their respective terms of service. Mr. Walker drew the shortest term, ending on the 4th of March, 1849, and Mr. Dodge the longest, ending on the 4th of March, 1851.

Mr. Davis, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a bill making appropriations for the erection of lighthouses and facing lightboats and buoys.

Mr. Borland, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a joint resolution in relation to the construction of Mr. Whitney's proposed railroad between Lake Michigan and the Pacific.

Mr. Foote submitted a resolution that "Horace Binney, of Philadelphia, be requested to deliver an address before the Senate and House of Representatives, on the occasion of the next anniversary of the birth of Washington; and that the Secretary of the Senate be directed to communicate the same to him, and to invite his acceptance."

Mr. Houston, of Delaware, introduced a resolution authorizing the Clerk to employ Smith's enumerator for taking the yeas and nays.

Messrs. Jones, of Tennessee, and McClelland, of Michigan, replied to the resolution. Mr. Faran opposed leaving the matter to the discretion of the Clerk, as had been proposed.

Mr. Jones then moved to lay the resolution upon the table, which was carried.

Mr. Houston, of Delaware, introduced a resolution, authorizing that Committee to erect a monument of granite to Mr. Adams in the Congressional burial ground.

Messrs. Henly and Bowlin opposed the proposition, on the ground that all of the monuments in the Congressional burial ground should be alike.

While this proposition was pending, on motion of Mr. Vinton, the House resolved itself into Committee of the Whole, with Mr. Root in the Chair, and took up the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Lincoln addressed the Committee in favor of internal improvements.

Mr. Wick read a prepared speech against the Whig party.

Mr. Hudson followed in an anti-slavery speech. Mr. Sawyer asked, "Are you surprised the same as your candidate's, Gen. Taylor?"

Mr. Hudson replied by reading from Gen. Cass' speech at Cleveland. (Laughter.) He protested to the Chair against the House being allowed to vote. He would vote for Taylor against Cass, just the same as he would vote for an honest man against a hypocrite.

Mr. Fuskin followed. He asked who was the hypocrite? Mr. Lincoln, or he who showed his sentiments? He then made a speech upon the subject of internal improvements.

Mr. Hilliard then obtained the floor, when the Committee rose.

On the 27th, the first business in order was announced to be the consideration of the resolution offered by the Library Committee, for the erection of a granite monument to the memory of Ex-President Adams in the Congressional burial ground. The resolution was laid aside informally.

The next business in order was the motion to print the report of Mr. Strohm, Chairman of the Committee on Public Expenditures, alleging inaccuracies in the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Bedinger presented the report of the minority of the same Committee, defending the Secretary.

Mr. Cobb, of Georgia, moved that 10,000 copies of each should be printed.

Mr. Strohm addressed the House in a review of the minority report.

The House next took up a motion to reconsider the bill establishing post routes, previously passed on second reading. Mr. Goggin explained the object of the motion, and was followed by Messrs. Thompson and others in a discussion upon the question to re-consider, which was negatived by a tie vote—yeas 80, nays 88.

Mr. Goggin then moved to lay the bill upon the table.

Mr. White objected to any further action upon the bill until it was engrossed for third reading.

The Speaker sustained this objection. An appeal was taken to his decision, and the Chair was sustained amid great excitement, which was occasioned by the principle because the bill has not attended with extending the post routes beyond the limits of Texas.

The bill was accordingly laid aside until it could be engrossed.

On motion of Mr. Vinton, the House went into Committee of the Whole, with Mr. Root in the Chair, and took up the General Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Hilliard obtained the floor and delivered a speech, in which he favored the mission to Rome. When he had concluded the Committe rose.

Mr. Vinton reported an amendment to the House bill, reducing the appropriation from the war to the peace establishment, viz. from ten to seven and a half millions. Adopted. The bill was then passed, containing the dry dock appropriations—yeas 105, nays 41.

On the 28th, the Speaker, pro tem., announced the first business in order to be the proposition to publish 10,000 copies of Messrs. Strohm's and Bedinger's reports relative to alleged errors in the Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Mr. Bedinger spoke in strong terms in reply to the speech made yesterday by Mr. Strohm.

Mr. Vinton called for the regular order of business, which was carried, and the House took up a number of bills from the Senate, which were read twice and appropriately referred.

A bill providing that the temporary absence of naturalized citizens from the country should not vitiate their rights of citizenship, was passed unanimously.

On motion of Mr. Vinton, the House went into Committee of the Whole, with Mr. Root in the Chair, and took up the Civil Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Sawyer spoke against the Abolitionists and attacked the Whigs.

Mr. Dunc replied.

Mr. Crisfield followed, and confined his remarks to the rights of the territories and respecting slavery.

Mr. Singerland next obtained the floor and advocated internal improvements.

Mr. Featherston obtained the floor, when the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

On the 29th, Mr. Winthrop appeared in the House, having recovered from his indisposition, and took his seat as the presiding officer.

Mr. Hunt, from the Committee on Commerce, reported favorably upon the memorial of the Chicago Convention.

A resolution closing the debate on the Civil Appropriation Bill on next Monday, at 2 o'clock, was adopted.

A joint resolution sanctioning an agreement entered into between the Delaware and Wyandottes, for the purchase of land, was passed.

Mr. Goggin, from the Post Office Committee, reported a bill for the reduction of postage on letters, to the uniform rate of five cents per half ounce, to any distance, which was read twice, and referred to the Committee of the Whole.

On the 30th, Messrs. Hunt and Cobb, of Geo., made some personal explanations, respecting the manner in which the former introduced a report a few days since.

A number of bills from the Senate were taken up and considered. The Joseph Nourse case was discussed at length.

On the 29th, Mr. Featherston moved to suspend the rules, in order that he might move to take up and engross the Post Office Bill. His motion was, however, negatived.

Mr. Embree moved to suspend the rules, so as to permit him to introduce a similar bill, with a proviso. This motion was likewise negatived, two-thirds not voting for it.

On motion of Mr. Vinton, the House proceeded into Committee of the Whole, Mr. Root in the Chair, and took up the General Appropriation Bill.

Mr. Andrew Stewart made a political speech against the official newspaper and Gen. Cass.

Mr. Clarke, of Kentucky, followed upon the subject of the Veto Power, and defended General Cass's opinion upon that subject.

Mr. Thompson, of Pa., obtained the floor, and after speaking half an hour on political subjects, moved that the Committee rise. His motion prevailed and the House adjourned.

LATEST NEWS!

FROM MEXICO.

The prisoners known in Mexico as the St. Patrick battalion—deserters from our army, whom we made prisoners in the battles of the valley of Mexico—have been pardoned by Gen. Butler, agreeably to the prayers of the Mexicans.

The first Mexican families have visited, caressed and feasted for them in their confinement, whilst the suffering condition of the wounded of their own country has been scarcely noticed. Ribey, their leader, will probably be made a General of Division.

Gen. Herrera has been elected President, receiving the votes of eleven deputations, while Gov. Angel Trias received the votes of five deputations.

There are about one thousand deserters, or men whose term of service in the American army expired previous to their leaving it, enrolled in the Mexican army. The correspondent of the Picayune says:

"Those who were in the city, nearly two hundred, were removed eighteen or twenty miles on our approach, but we daily meet men in soldier's garb in the streets. We know, by their faces, to be from the American army. They cannot be touched, of course. The remainder of the band are at San Luis Potosi, Guanajuato and Guadalajara. These men have been the preservers of Peña y Pena from revolution.

"The Mexicans, soldiers and citizens, have the greatest fear of them, and at one time, when the Government was threatened by the population of the city with destruction, the two hundred deserters stationed here suppressed the insurrection.—They are paid higher and far more regularly than the Mexican troops, and hate stork by Peña y Pena through whose influence the Government has put the sense to keep these men scattered through the country in small bodies, they will yet be a curse to it, for a thousand of them would terrify ten thousand Mexican troops."

The Orizaba garrison, about 1,000 strong, under Col. Bankhead, and consisting of the 13th Infantry and Alabama battalion, arrived at Vera Cruz on the morning of the 8th ult., and commenced embarking the same day. The Alabama battalion sailed on the 9th in the brigs or schooners Heroine, Moquog and Massachusetts, for Mobile.

Gen. Patterson's division was expected in Vera Cruz on Monday, the 12th ult., and Gen. Marshall's three days after. We conclude that Major-Gen. Butler left the city of Mexico on the 3d ult.

On a blessed day is the Sabbath,
* With its sweetly chiming bells,
For the poor and for the wealthy
In their truest salvation dwells.
When the toil-worn ones are reminded
Of Jehovah's high behest
That the Sabbath day is given to labor,
But the seventh shall be for rest."

☞ A newspaper folding machine has been invented in Springfield, Mass., by which papers may be folded as they come from the press.

One ingress in life, is naked and lone,
One progress through life is trouble and care,
One egress—the worst of the three that is known,
But doing well here, we shall do well there.
I would not tell more by preaching a year.

☞ A merchant in Mobile, deeply engaged in cotton speculation, was one Sunday called upon to subscribe to the support of the church to which he belonged. In giving out the hymn, he countenanced as follows: "Hymn on page 36, long *staple*."

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, June 24, 1848.

FLOUR AND MEAL—Since our last quotations are nominally unchanged, but there has been no export demand, and prices have declined 12½cts per bbl—small parcels having changed hands at $5.56@5.75 for good straight brands from the first hands, while some holders ask $5.62½. Sales of 1,000 bbls Pennsylvania and Ohio at $5.56@5.75 per bbl. Rye Flour is unchanged, and sales of 200 bbls at $3.75 per bbl. Corn Meal is dull, and sales of 100 bbls at $3.25 per bbl.

GRAIN—The receipts of wheat continue light, the demand is limited, and prices are unchanged. Sales of 5,000 bushels Southern red at $1.30@1.32 per bushel for family and prime, and $1.28@1.30 for good to prime white per bushel. Rye is unchanged—sales of 2000 bushels Pennsylvania at 75cts per bushel. Corn is dull—sales of 3,000 bushels Pennsylvania yellow at 68cts per bushel. Oats—Several cargoes of Southern have been sold at 35cts, and Pennsylvania at 37½cts per bushel.

PROVISIONS—The stock of Pork is considerably reduced, but there is not much demand at present, we hear of sales of 100 bbls at $13.50 per bbl. Bacon is dull at 5½@6cts per lb—holders generally being firm at the highest quotations. Beef—The stock of good Western is unusually large, and the demand limited, sales of 200 bbls at $6.50@7 per bbl. Beef Hams—Sales are light—sales of 50 bbls at $12.50@13 per bbl. Lard—Sales of 100 bbls at 7½cts per lb. Butter—Sales of 100 kegs at 10cts per lb. Cheese—Sales of 100 boxes at 5½cts per lb.

WHISKEY—Sales of 200 bbls at 21cts per gallon.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is in demand at $4.50@4.75 per bushel. Timothy—Sales of 100 bushels at $2.25 per bushel.

NAVAL STORES—But little doing. A few hundred bbls common Rosin sold at 90cts, and some Tar at $3 per bbl. Most raw sales of Spirits of Turpentine at 92@33c per gallon.

OILS—Linseed has been in moderate demand, with sales of 2000 gallons at 63@64c Sperm and Whale, no change. A sale of Lard Oil at 80c.

PLASTER—Receipts increasing, with several cargo sales at $2.25@2.37½ per ton.

RICE—In limited demand, with sales of 90 casks at 3¾@4c per lb.

SALT—A cargo of Turk's Island arrived to day, but is not yet landed.

SEEDS—Clovereed has been in limited demand at $4.50@5.75 per bushel. Further sales of Flaxseed at $1.13@1.16, and Timothy at $2@2.50 per bushel.

SPIRITS—In Brandy, Gin and Rum the transactions have been limited at former rates. Whiskey—Bbls continue scarce, and prices have advanced to 21½c, with small sales—500 bbls sold at 22c.

SUGARS—The market has been very quiet, and we only hear of the sales of 200 bbls Cienfuegos at 6½c, and a few boxes Havana at about former rates.

TALLOW—The demand is quite limited.

TEAS—The market is quiet at former rates.

TOBACCO—The demand for manufactured is still very limited, with sales of 50 hhds at 3c@.

WINE—A small retail trade in the ordinary and medium grades, confined to the wants of the city trade, and partly sold at fair prices.

WOOL—We have no change to note in the market this week.

FREIGHTS—There is but little going forward—we quote to Liverpool, at 7s for Flour, 7½d for Corn, 20s for Bark and Provisions, and 1d for Cotton.

COAL FREIGHTS—There is more Coal being shipped this week, and we quote 75cts@$1 per ton for the rates at $1.37½@1.50 to Boston, $1.12½@1.25 to Providence, and $2@2.50 to New York.—*Ledger, Register.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday last:

	Bid	Asked
U S 6s '68	103	103½
" '67	104	104½
" '81	102	103
" '71	92	—
" '70	92	—
U S 7 3-10 Notes	104½	105
Philada 6s	97½	—
" new	93	—
Penna 6s	99½	99¾
" 5s	87½	88
Pennsylvania 6s '99	—	99
Tennessee 6s	104	7
Canonsville 6s	98½	99
Wilmington 6s	86	—
Texas Notes	10	14
Kentucky 6s	101	—
" bds 10s	100	—
Reading R stock	44½	44¾
Lehigh N 6s	90	—
" bds last 6s	93	—
" Mort	90	—
" Ch Scrip 7s	97½	—
Ch Imp Co 6s '97	90	—
Ch Ass Bds 6s	95	—
Penn Mtge B 6s	85	—
Susqueh Can 6s	47	—
Schuylk Nav 6s	90	—
Harrisburg R 6s	83	—
Wil R 6s	78	79½
Read R 6s '50	99	99½
" Mort	97	98
U S Bk Notes	85	—
U S Bk Shares	74	—
N Amer Bk	110	—

Ledger

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, June 26.—The sales at Beef Cattle, for the week ending this day, were 1,400 head, at $5.75@7.50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 600 sold from $4 to 4.75 per 100 lbs. Cows, no sales. Sales to the trade, $4 to 40 per head. Sheep—About 1,500 sold for the season and Lambs—The country fair to-day was thinly attended. Sales of 1,000 head at prices quoted.

New York, June 26.—At market, 3000 Beef Cattle, 300 Cows and Calves, and 1,500 Sheep and Lambs. Prices—Beef Cattle—The supplies were heavier than for many weeks past, a circumstance unfavorable for the warm weather. The sales were dull and lower prices a little. The sales were chiefly from $6 to 7.50 per cwt., a few at 7½@8. Through the week there was a moderate active demand, but at the close of the week's business a large number were left over unsold—full 1,000 head. The drove sent on to Baltimore. Cows and Calves were rather dull, and prices rather lower than last week. Sales $25 to $45. 10 last week. Drovers—Market closed not at $6.50 and $6.75 for Sheep, and $6.12½ to $6.50 for Lambs. Hay sparing at 87½cts per cwt for a qr quantities of loose Timothy from Weehawken to $1.12½ for Timothy and Clover.

BALTIMORE, June 24.—Beef Cattle—At the sales on Monday there were offered 700 head, which were sold in city butchers at $5@6 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $9@7.75 net, and averaging about $5.62½ per 100 lbs, which is a slight decline on the prices of our last quotations. Hogs—Sales of 1,000 at $4@4.50 per 100 lbs.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JUNE 24.

ASHES—100 bbls changed hands during Pots at $4.87½, and Pearls at $5.87½.

COTTON—The continued delay of the steamers keeps the market in a dull state. The sales are limited to 400 bales at steady prices.

FLOUR—Prices are nearly on the Flour market to-day, and the sales do not exceed 4000 barrels at $5.25 for common State; $5.37½@5.50 for good Western; $5.50 for Michigan; $5.62½ for prime Genesee, and $6@7 for fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is dull and declined 12½, and refused. Southern sales 1000 bbls Baltimore Howard Street, and 1000 Shenandoah mills Jersey sold at $5.50.

WHEAT—Is in fair request—5000 bushels good Ohio sold at $1.30, and 2000 bushels prime to fine Genesee at $1.34@1.35. Corn—Is more active—sales of 30,000 bushels at 70@71c for mixed Western and Southern, and 72@73c for yellow Jersey. Oats—Sales of 4000 bushels at 41@42c for Northern.

PORK—Is heavy—sales of 1000 barrels good Mess at $12.50, and 200 barrels prime at $9.50@10.75, and 200 barrels prime mess at $11.50@12. Beef—Is dull—sales of 200 barrels Country at $7@7.50. Prime Mess is nominal at $9@10. Beef Hams—Sales of 100 bbls prime Mess at $17.50@18. Cut Meats—Sales of 100 pkgs Hams and Shoulders in pickle at 5½@6c. Lard—Is dull—sales of 100 bbls at 7½@8c. Butter—Is dull—sales of 100 bbls ordinary prime to-day at 7½ and 150 do fair to good at 9@10c.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

The Baltimore Patriot says—"Rich stocks, very few sales making for shipment; the only business there is now done is manufacturers. Receipts moderate. Holders firm as ever. We quote the following sales as follows, viz.—Maryland $2.50@10 for common to fine red; $10@12 for good to fine red and fine yellow; $13@15 for fancy yellow and fine wrappers. Ohio—A few sales of 100 hhds at $4@5.50 for common to fine red; $6@8 for fine yellow and wrappers."

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 15th to the 20th June.

June 15, received from

W F Empy	2.00	Mrs E Pearce	2.00
J Stevenson	20.00	E Barnes	2.00
J C Sweney	2.00	E J Owens	2.00
C Bostwick	2.00	Mrs P A Taylor	2.00
W Smith	2.00	Mrs P A Taylor	2.00
Rev W Woodruff	2.00	J Hall	2.00
J Bedford	2.00	J B Hooper & Co	10.00
J McD Wilson	2.00	Miss A J Ross	2.00
J C Wilson	2.00	J C Ross	2.00
M Nathans	2.00	W C Lenox & Co	2.00
Miss Mary Lowes	2.00	Mrs E Lenox	2.00
R L Ferrill	2.00	R Foust & Co	10.00
S Stafford	2.00	Miss M Foust	2.00
J Hall	2.00		

June 16.

Miss A Ross	2.00	S C Dailey & Co	2.00
J Hutchinson	2.00	S Hall	2.00
D Woodall	2.00	W B Bennett & Co	13.00
J C Carpenter	2.00	W B Bennett	2.00
C K Johnson	2.00	T W Lewis, Jr.	2.00
J C Hunter	2.00	T W Lewis	2.00
J H Hannon	2.00	Miss M E Kelly	2.00
J Townsend	2.00	Mrs L H Morton	2.00
J Hall	2.00	Mrs M Hall	2.00
J H Hannon	2.00	Dr W A Bond	2.00
G Heimbold	2.00	Miss L E Alling	2.00
J Hall	2.00		

June 17.

W F Baker	2.00	J Thompson	2.00
Mrs C Coburn	2.00	J F Hall	2.00
A R Cook	2.00	J Rorn	2.00
J Downing	2.00	Mrs Shipley & Co	20.00
H C Downing	2.00	H C Nutter & Co	10.00
H Thompson	2.00	H C Nutter	2.00
T W Wallace	2.00	Miss E C Smith	2.00
R Barnum	2.00	Miss M E Smith	2.00
J Hall	2.00	Miss H Evans	2.00
W Moore & Co	2.00	W A C Fox	2.00
Mrs M Hall	2.00		

June 19.

Mrs D H G Sey-mour	2.00	J Wilson	2.00
J Marden & Co	2.00	Fahey Moore	2.00
H H Painter & Co	2.00	Mrs S Shipley	2.00
J Hall	2.00	D Smith	2.00
Mrs J A

A Fine Poem.

FROM "THE LONDON TIMES" OF NOV. 28.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS.

AN ANTICIPATION.

Suggested by Berenger's "Nuovo Alliance des Peuples."

The wars had ceased; the weary nations furled
Their tattered flags, and slumbered their blunted swords;
And, sick of blood, the decimated world
Counsel its scars, its glories, and rewards:
A little whisper, muted in doubt and fear,
Made an appeal to all the suffering lands:
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

Old men, left childless and descrowned;
Widows forlorn, and maidens sorrow-crowned;
The children loitering at the cottage gate;
The young men, mournful, gazing on the ground,
Joined in the cry, lamenting, yet of close—
Repeating ever: Oh, ye ruined lands!
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

The ploughman, singing in the early morn,
Stopped in his task, and shuddered to behold,
Through the long furrows for the future corn,
Half-buried skulls projecting from the mould;
Bones of his brethren scattered far and near:
And sadly gazing sighed, Unhappy lands!
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

The whisper spread—it gathered as it went—
From crowd to crowd the aspiration flew;
Disarmed Europe smashed the wreaths that rent
Her bleeding bosom, pierced at Waterloo;
Her wisest sons, with voices loud and clear,
Took up the words and bore them o'er the lands:
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

Why should ye drag, said they, the furious car
Of blind ambition? Why, with sweat and soil,
Follow the panting demi-gods of war,
And with your blood, make cunards through the soil?
Long have ye suffered—long in mad career
Borne fire and sword and sorrow through the lands:
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

Sheathed be the sword for ever—let the drum
Be schoolboy's pastime—in your battles cease,
And let the cannon's deep-mouthed thunder dumb,
Except to celebrate the joys of peace.
Are ye not brothers? God, whom ye revere,
Is He not father of all nations and lands?
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

The words grew concrete; from mouth to mouth
Raged on light the truthful accents ran;
From the cold Northland to the sunny South—
From land to land. They warmed the heart of man;
The prosperous people with a sound of cheer
Poured the glad watchword through the smiling lands:
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

They spread, they flew, they fructified space.
The spies and sword-hung tocsin on the walls,
Preserved as relics of a bygone race
When men went *tand*, and gloried in their brawls;
Peace, the fair mother of each benevolent year,
Dropped corn and wine on the prolific lands
Form an alliance holy and sincere,
And join, join hands!

England forgot her deeds of battle done;
France blushed at "glory," gained in fields of gore;
German, Italian, Spaniard, Pole, and Hun
Taught kings a lesson, and were less no more.
Knowledge achieved the conest of our sphere,
And earth became the gospel of the lands—
When that alliance holy and sincere
Had joined all hands.

The Labor Question

STOCK AND WORK.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Stock is a fine, honest, well-to-do business man, always dressed in good broadcloth, with a pair of handsome top-boots, and very anxious to have everything comfortable about him. Work is a rough, sturdy fellow, in a fustian jacket, and seldom a clean face, but not by any means generally ill off. Both are good-hearted Englishmen, that would fight to the last drop of their blood, and last farthing in their purse, for the honor and safety of their country; they would go hoart and hand together against any envious foreign power that should dare to think of treading on them; yet they have occasionally very bitter-looking quarrels between themselves. It is rather an amusing sort of contention that Stock and Work fall into, not unlike those squabbles which sometimes take place about trifles between man and wife, while both know all the time that they are the best friends in the world, and that their interests are absolutely identical. The finale, nevertheless, sometimes gets to a great pitch—and if you were to judge from their looks and words, you might suppose them to be on the point of killing each other. Work has even been known to threaten Stock with a cudgel, and two or three times he has gone to the public-house and sulked for a week or two, declaring he would never have anything to do with Stock again. But somehow wife and children always get round him, and, being at excellent fellow at bottom, he generally consents to forget all that has passed, and become good friends with Stock again, before any considerable mischief has happened.

Stock and Work had an unusually dreadful quarrel not long ago. It began on Work's side, but was not so much his own blame, as that of certain foolish companions, who wished to get Work into bad, even against his own feelings, that he was extremely ill-used. Work, being at last fairly incensed by these evil advisers, broke out upon Stock one day, with the utmost fury, insomuch that some people expected to see nothing less than bloodshed. Stock acted like a coward, and stood quite still, while Work went on like a raging devil, calling him all sorts of bad names, and threatening to knock his brains out. Well did Stock know whence came all this violence—he could not but feel angry, but the very vastness of the assault prevented it from being returned. Work had said his worst, he would surely mutter the threats of vengeance against Stock, and it is said he was not heard to speak one piteous word at home for a week after.

Now, in this matter very haughty at first, and he could not stand this kind of nonsense continually, and that he would rather go abroad, and see if he could do any business there, than be exposed longer to such annoyances at home. "It is true," he said, "Work and I do not get on very well together, and have maintained a worrying kind of friendship all our days: I like the fellow with all his absurdities, and I believe he has a secret respect for me, too; but really to be exposed every now and then to such attacks as these, is more than my temper can endure. It makes me quite uncomfortable in my own house. I believe I am falling out of my richest parish in consequence of it. For better or worse I must make up my mind to it, and part." Some mutual friends thought it would be a pity if two such old associates were to break entirely off with each other, particularly as the consequence to Work must be that, without Stock's assistance, he and his large young family must be thrown upon the parish. So they interfered to bring about a reconciliation—in which, by the bye, they found the chief difficulty to be with Work, who had grown all the provocation. At last, for the sake chiefly of the young ones, among whom Stock was wont to be, that they might, if possible, have at least some passable conversation on the matters in dispute.

"Well, Work," said Stock, as soon as they met, "you seem to be calmer now. What is it you would like to know, that you have to say against me? or what excuse have you to make for that affront you put upon me a week ago?"

"Why, Mr. Stock," answered Work, "to the last is, that we then are beginning to think that we are oppressed by you masters; and that, because we are your men, and cannot help ourselves, you pay us only such wages as you choose, and thus make great profits, while we starve. We have had it all fully discussed to our minds, and it must be true, I take it, for nobody has a different opinion."

"A pretty reason for being true indeed! You hear only one side; and because there is no dissentient voice, you conclude that there is nothing to be said to the contrary."

"But you masters hear only one side, too, and never listen to a word that we have to say: so at least if you hear it, you knock it down with some piece of political economy which we do not understand, so it is the same to us as if you had not heard it."

"There is some truth in what you say: at least great there is. It is only, like your own, a very natural error. But I will, if you please, pursue a different plan. I will listen to everything you have to say, and give it a patient consideration. But if you refuse as readily to such answers as I can make, we may leave a chance of coming to a right understanding."

"Very well, sir; all I would stipulate for is, that you shall not go to political economy, for that is a thing evidently got up to keep down the working people, and we can't abide it below. All the master comes from that, I think."

"I don't intend to resort luxuriously to political economy in our conversation, but I will bring forward common-sense views, which perhaps a political economist would say came to the same thing. I may remark, however, that political economy is not rightly regarded either by the friends or its enemies. It is a mere science, trying to make out the natural laws which govern the operations of industry and the disposal of the results. If it can do so, it will be a boon to us all, and therefore we ought to treat it with respect. But then, as a rule, it is an important science; many of its dogmas would require the stamp of experience to entitle them to be received as laws. Now, I am not aware that experience has yet had much to say to the matter. Political economy is a very young science, and has not had time to get its principles established. Many of them are, I believe, true, but many are also false, and the whole is in a very unsettled state. Now, I am not disposed to be governed by principles which are not established, and therefore I will not allow political economy to be brought forward in our discussion."

"Well, sir, I am glad to hear you say so much, for I have no opinion of it myself. But what I want to know is, why you pay us so little for our work, when you make so much money by it yourself?"

"Why, the first answer to that is, that we do not make so much money by it. Many masters are ruined every year, and the average profit is very small. But if it were large, it is not true that it is made out of the wages of the workmen. Wages are paid out of the capital of the master, and profits are what remain of the product after wages have been paid. Wages are not high or low because profits are so, but because the capital which employs labor is large or small in proportion to the number of laborers. If masters were to raise wages, they would not get more profit, but only less capital to employ labor with. Wages are high in America, because capital is there very large in proportion to the number of laborers; and they are low in Ireland, because capital is there very small in proportion to the number of laborers. Profits are high in the former country, because the workmen get a large share of the product; and low in the latter, because the workmen get a small share. Profits are not high because wages are low, but because capital is small in proportion to the number of laborers. Wages are not low because profits are high, but because capital is small in proportion to the number of laborers. Profits are not high because wages are low